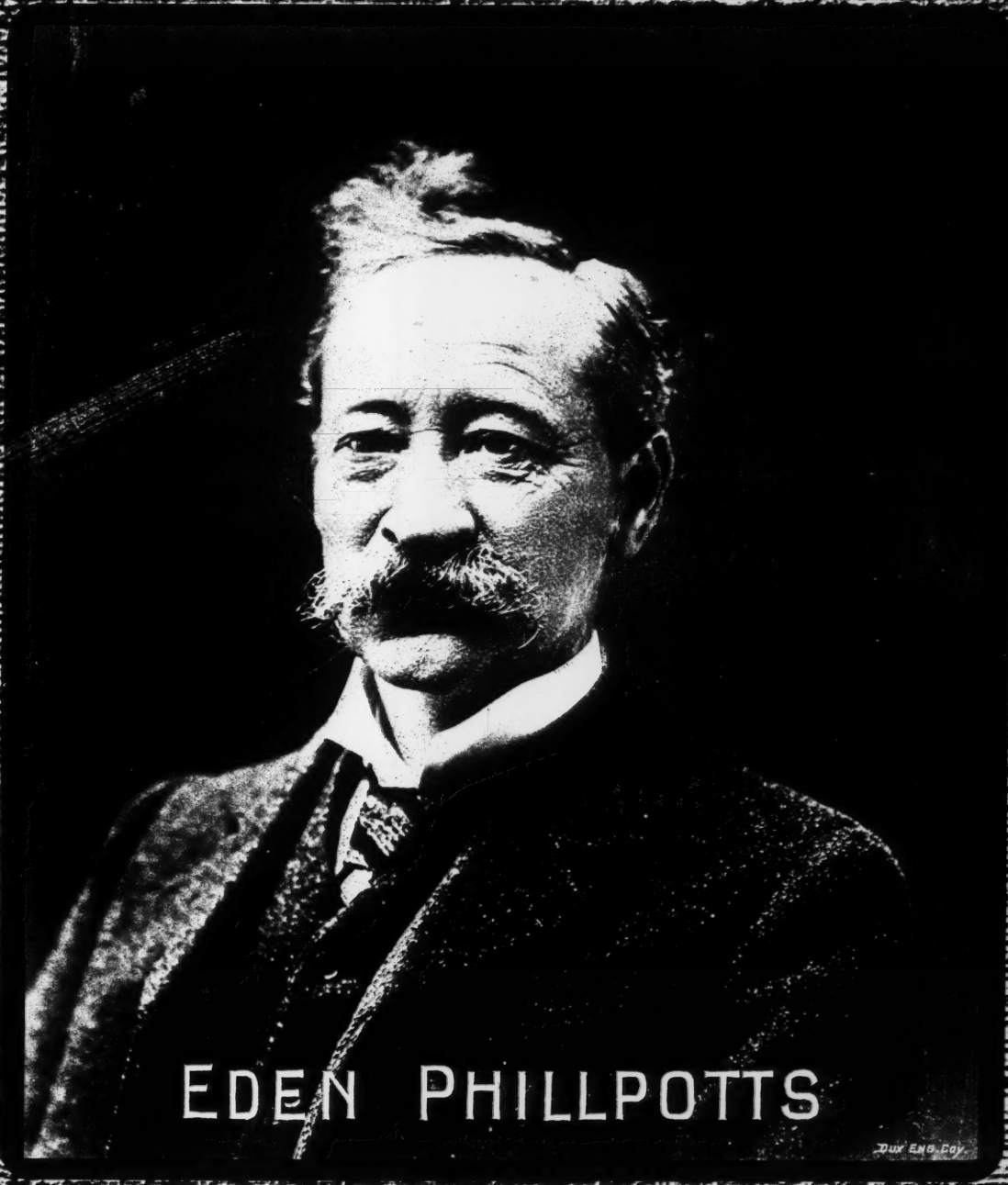
THE BOOKMAN



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XUM

Interesting Books on Varied Subjects.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

News of the death of Mr. Stephen Phillips was received last month with wide-spread regret. He had been ailing for some time past, but latterly his health had somewhat improved, and he had gone to stay at a small villa at Deal with the object of working on a new play on the subject of John the Baptist. He died as the result of a chill, after ten weeks illness. The public are often charged with being indifferent to poetry, but they gave instant and generous recognition to the fine work that is in his earlier books, "Christ in Hades," "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca." The latter, and "Herod" were the best and most successful of the dozen plays of his that were put upon the stage. His last book "Panama, and other Poems" was published by Mr. John Lane a few weeks ago. One would like to see the best of his work gathered into a single volume, for the best of his work will give him an assured place among the few true poets of our time. We hope to return to this subject and deal with it adequately in an early Number.

Messrs. Macmillan have published under the title of "Fringes of the Fleet" (6d. net) the half-dozen vivid, spirited sketches which Mr. Rudyard Kipling contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, recording his experiences and impressions in the North Sea, where he visited the Grand Fleet and saw as much as anyone has been allowed to see of the Navy at work.

A new novel by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, "The Daughter Pays," will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. It is a story of modern life, telling how a man was redeemed by the love of a woman. The same firm are publishing this month "The Death Rider," a new romance by a new writer—Mrs. Nina Toye.

"Do the Dead Know?" a new novel by Miss Annesley Kenealy, will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Another of our contributors, Mr. Henry Baerlein, is now away on service at the front. He is a volunteer motor driver with the British Ambulance Committee (Service de Santé Militaire), which works in the Vosges, and has already brought more than a hundred thousand wounded men back from the firing line.

XUM

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.
171st Brigade, R.F.A.

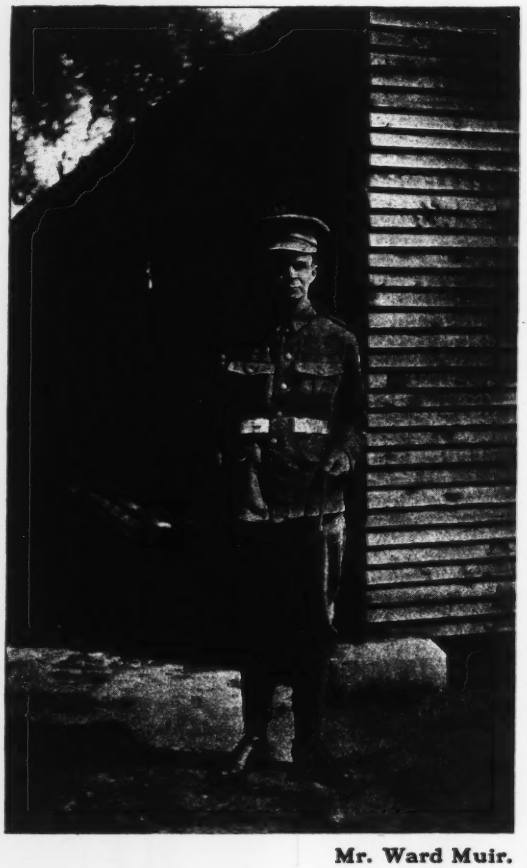
For some time before the war broke out Mr. W. Hope Hodgson, the well-known novelist, was living in France. He came home to answer the call for recruits, and is now serving in the 171st Brigade of the Royal Field Artillery.

Mr. Ward Muir has abandoned the writing of novels for a time, and is serving as a hospital orderly in the 3rd London General Hospital, at Wandsworth, where he is acting in his spare time as editor of "The Gazette," the hospital magazine, which reached its third monthly issue last month with a capital Christmas Number. The contributors to the first two Numbers were all patients or members of the hospital staff. It is the same with the Christmas Number, with two exceptions, these being a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and a lively skit on "My First Day in a Military Hospital," by Bertram Smith. The contents are excellently varied; the magazine has a clever, humorous artist, and three artists of exceptional ability in Private Paul Kirk (who gives a vivid impression of "Sunset from the Men's Lines"), Private W. R. S. Stott (with a masterly little sketch of a "Muster of the Station Party, 1 a.m."—but we knew his work before he became a soldier), and Lance-Corporal George J. Coates (whose group of a wounded soldier reading aloud to two blind comrades "The Light that Failed" is perhaps the most poignant thing in the Number). Mr. Ward Muir is to be congratulated on getting together such a good team of contributors, and on producing what bids fair to be one of the best and best-edited magazines of its kind.

Mr. Otto Rothfeld has written a book on "Women of India" in which he gives a picturesque account of the women of India of all castes and creeds, their home life, manners and customs, daily work and amusements, their mental development, status in society and the influence they exercise on Indian life in general. It is to be illustrated in colour, and will be published by Messrs. D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., of Bombay.

The second Number of "The Poet's Translation Series," published at 4d. net from the office of the *Egoist*, contains a careful and scholarly translation of the poems and new fragments with the more important of the old fragments of "Sappho," by Mr. Edward Storer.

In reviewing the new collected edition of Lionel Johnson's poems, our reviewer remarked on the misspelling of Christina Rossetti's name in Mr. Ezra Pound's preface to the volume. Mr. Elkin Mathews, the publisher, writes to say that this obvious error was discovered by him almost immediately on publication, and that it occurs only in the early copies of the book, many of which had then already been sent out for review and could not be recalled in time for correction. The mistake was duly



Mr. Ward Muir.
R.A.M.C. (Territorial).

put right, and does not appear in the remainder of the edition.

Two of the most attractive of the new year books are "The George Meredith Calendar," containing a quotation from the works of Meredith for every day in the year, compiled by Rachel Wheatcroft, and "The Eden Phillpotts Calendar," the quotations in which are selected by H. Cecil Palmer. Each volume contains a concise and useful introduction and a portrait of the author. They are

Photo by Hollyer. **George Meredith.**
Frontispiece to "The George Meredith Calendar." (Cecil Palmer & Hayward).

published at a shilling net each by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

Dr. T. F. A. Smith's new war book, "What Germany Thinks: or The War as Germany Sees It," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. He has summarised from German newspapers and books the opinions of Germany's leading men, and reveals the systematic deception and humbug that is still being practised by the German Government to hoodwink their own public and the world at large, and exonerate themselves for the responsibility of causing the war. Dr. Smith was sometime Lecturer in English at the Erlangen University, and is author of one of the ablest and most successful of last year's books, "The Soul of Germany."

Mr. Heinemann is issuing in a cheap and handy series a collection of famous books which have

Miss Olga Lindberg,
whose "Fairies in Flowerland" (Duckworth) was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

been dramatised as plays for the cinema. The first is "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, the story from which the successful photo-drama "The Birth of a Nation" is adapted. This will be followed

Mrs. Maud Churton Braby,
whose new novel, "The Honey of Romance," is published by Mr. Werner Laurie

shortly by Sir Arthur Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," and Mr. Hall Caine's two novels, "The Eternal City" and "The Christian."

Mr. E. C. Buley, whose admirable book of stories of "Glorious Deeds of the Australasians in the Great War" is well on its way towards a fifth edition, is known as a brilliant Australian journalist. He did a good deal of work on the Sydney *Bulletin*, but for some years past now has lived in London, where he has been associated with the *Daily Mirror*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, the *British Australasian*, and other papers.

In "One of a Company" (Colwyn Bay: Herbert Tomkinson) Miss Jean Talbot has written a very interesting account of the enlistment and training of a young Welsh peasant in one of the Welsh regiments. The booklet, which is excellently illustrated with photographs, is sold at a shilling as "The Colwyn Bay Gift Book," all proceeds from the sale of the first edition being divided between the British Red Cross Auxiliary Military Hospital, Colwyn Bay, and the British Red Cross Society.

An interesting and very significant comparison of German and Anglo-French war methods, as gathered from the war-manuals of the different countries, is given in "Frightfulness in Theory and Practice as compared with Franco-British War Usages," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing this month. The evolution of the German theory is traced from Clausewitz (who died in 1830) down to the present time.

Photo by S. A. Pitcher, Gloucester. **Bishop Frodsham,**
whose new book, "A Bishop's Pleasaunce," is published by Messrs Smith, Elder & Co.

Mr. E. C Buley,
whose "Glorious Deeds o the Australasians in the Great War" (Andrew Melrose) is already in its fourth edition.

"Your lightness of touch does not detract from the underlying seriousness" is Lord Haldane's personal tribute to Bishop Frodsham's book "A Bishop's Pleasaunce," just published by Messrs. Smith, Elder. The book is full of graceful humour and gracious writing. Bishop Frodsham was Bishop of North Queensland, which he served during the grievous years of drought, riding for days at a time into the strange hinterland of tropical Australia. He mixed as a man with men, and in the chapter "The Humours in a Colonial Bishop's Life" he tells of many quaint unconventionalities which distinguish a bishop in the bush. He was known throughout Australia as "the citizen's Bishop," because of his broad-minded interest in all social problems. Bishop Frodsham had to leave the tropics because of considerations of health, and is now Canon of Gloucester.

Mr. Herbert Asquith, from whose striking book, "The Volunteer, and Other Poems" (Sidgwick & Jackson), we print an extract on page 114, is the son of the Prime Minister.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

J. D. BERESFORD.

MR. J. D. BERESFORD'S own justification of his existence as a novelist will be found in the third section of "The Invisible Event," where Jacob Stahl is careful to explain that he is a witness and recorder rather than a creator. To repeat that statement is to vouch for Mr. Beresford's modesty. But it does not represent the whole truth. In the school of English realism his work is bound to occupy a high place, if for no other reason than a certain reverence he holds for the inviolate sacredness of the human spirit. To decorate your characters, as is the manner of the romantic school with the *abra cadabra* of religiosity and the worn-out tinsel of picturesque conventions may seem very gallant, but to sentient beings, who have to build up their heaven on the concrete foundations of the commonplace, it is not very convincing. The human phenomena which Mr. Beresford presents in the course of his literary adventures bear the well-defined stigmata of actuality, with an added and sympathetic quality, provided by the artist's penetrative insight. In fine, Mr. Beresford possesses the rare gift of divination.

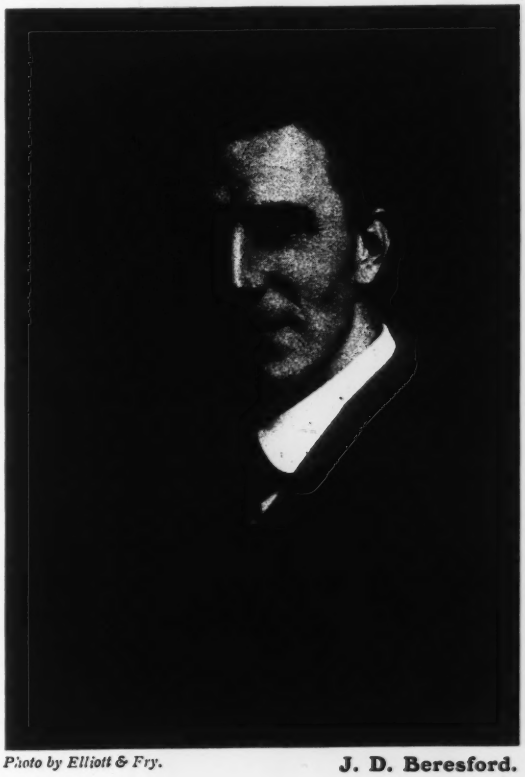


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **J. D. Beresford.**

Because he is tremendously interested in life he approaches it in the Pauline way—to him there is nothing common or unclean. He is almost disconcertingly frank in his disclosure of the weaknesses of his characters—his heroes fail to chalk the true romantic line—if they tried to do so their sense of humour would spoil the crucial situation that led them there.

He loathes the melodramatic. Stahl himself is in a continual state of becoming—but always the author's puritanical sense of artistic fitness whisks him off what might easily become a romantic pedestal, bringing back our badly bruised but always lovable protagonist again to the shelter of our tender hearts. Jasper Thrale in "Goslings" has to go through purgatory before he receives poetic justice. Arthur Grey in "The Mountains of the Moon," is not spared a certain element of the ludicrous in his character, and Martin Bond in that masterly psychological study, "The House in Demetrius Road," is not without his trait of weakness, although his loyalty makes him always lovable.

These facts show how well Mr. Beresford has seized one outstanding truth about the art which he has chosen to practice. The value of a novel lies in the success with which it divines for us the potentiality of the age with which it deals. It should dramatise for us the different phases of thought and feeling which indicate the prevailing mood of its period. The romantic novelist has his formula of well considered rules—and his product can always be guaranteed of standard strength and warranted quality. Not so the realist—he is allowed no stage properties—it is his business to sift reality from the illusions of prosperity and present us with things as they are.

So transparently honest and so sincere is Mr. Beresford in this quest for well-attested reality that he even runs the risk of an accusation of dullness in portions of that famous trilogy "Jacob Stahl," for the sake of telling us the essential autobiographical truth.

Turn to page 343, where Jacob Stahl is reading the *Morning Post* notice of his first novel "John Tristram," and you will find it is an exact repetition of the notice given to "Jacob Stahl," and the notice accorded to Jacob Stahl's second novel simply reproduces that given to "The Hampdenshire Wonder."

And yet there is no dearth of imagination in Mr. Beresford. One charge usually made against the modern English novelist is that he is barren of ideas. It cannot be made against the author of "Goslings," who with great daring conceives an England devastated by a great Plague and practically emptied of its male population. The picture of that bevy of English Bacchantes—graceless civilised savages—dragging along a butcher in a triumphal car, cannot be forgotten—it is a piece of the most vivid imaginative realism, as well as a challenge to our vaunted civilisation.

What strikes one about all the Beresford work is its quality of inevitability and inexorability. You feel that the story could not have turned out otherwise. This has happened because Mr. Beresford has built up his stories on the rock of actual experience. The leading facts in his life can be tracked down in his novels.

J. D. Beresford was born in the rectory of Castor, a few miles from Peterborough, of which Cathedral his father was formerly a minor canon and precentor. He is the younger of two brothers—his father, who was fifty-one when J. D. appeared on the scene, had also been born when his father was comparatively old, and in his turn was grandson of a grandfather who might

have been at school when Dr. Johnson died—and may have seen Fanny Burney, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. His youthful days having been spent in a country parsonage, rather narrow in its outlook, and terribly strict in its Sabbatarian views, as might be expected of one of Mr. Beresford's temperament, his youth had its passages of spiritual unrest and elation. Managing to pick up a little education at Oundle School (where H. G. Wells' two boys now are) in the days when it suffered from the classic tradition; he subsequently wasted his time in a Norfolk private school, passing from these to the King's School, Peterborough. But he does not reckon that he was really educated until he took the task in hand himself at the age of twenty-one.

The carelessness of a nurse left the author with infantile paralysis and only one practicable leg, a fact that invalidated him for the career we spell with a capital C. The details can be supplemented from "Jacob Stahl"—at any rate the experience in the country architect's office, and that in the hospital architect's office are Mr. Beresford's own. The latter architect is still "going strong" and his office may be found in Bedford Square. Getting tired of architecture Mr. Beresford tried life insurance, only to eschew that quickly for a more or less literary post in W. H. Smith & Son's—an experience that has been immortalised in "A Candidate for Truth." The adventures of Stahl as a manager of country travellers are paralleled by their author.

Of all the plays, novels and short stories that Mr. Beresford wrote from the age of sixteen till the year 1904, not a single MS. survives—an evidence of high literary courage, although he has a certain amount of pride in having been the winner of an *Academy* Competition for the "best portrait of a street character." The *Academy* was then under the editorship of Mr. Lewis Hind, and Beresford contributed to the "Things Seen" feature. It is quite easy to understand why it is not easy to "dig out" personal details about him for publication—his name is absent from "Who's Who"—he used to be an advertising expert, but doctors never seem to believe in their own medicine!

It is scarcely five years since Mr. Beresford broke into that enchanted circle of the novelists who have arrived with the first of the famous Stahl trilogy. But before that was a time of preparation. In 1908 he contributed to *Punch*, and through the good offices of Sir Owen Seaman, Mr. J. A. Spender of *The Westminster Gazette* added Mr. Beresford to his staff of reviewers, and he has been reviewing for that journal ever since. It was the leisure afforded by this stand-by that allowed of a gestation period for the production of "Jacob Stahl," which by the way was refused by a leading firm of publishers upon the ground that it was old-fashioned!

In his spare time Mr. Beresford is addicted to carpentering—he makes furniture with a modernised Gothic touch—as he abhors the finicky character of Chippendale and Heppelwhite; and although he plays golf upon provocation, he will tell you that his most serious hobby is watching the Atlantic from the Cornish cliffs. To really indulge that hobby one has to live beside it, which he does!

ROBB LAWSON.

THE WESTERN LINE.

FLANDERS, 1915.

BY HERBERT ASQUITH.

THOR draws a chord invisible
Across the shaking sky:
I hear the tearing of the shell,
The bullets sing and cry,
As, charging through the flames of hell,
The batteries go by.

The gunners laugh about the task
That man to man has given:
Like Titans, now the guns unmask
And fire the veils of heaven.
Above the clouds what lights are gleaming?
God's batteries are those,
Or souls of soldiers homeward streaming
To banquet with their foes?
The floods of battle ebb and flow,
The soldiers to Valhalla go!

. . . . .

Beyond the thunder of the guns,
Beyond the flaming line,
Far from this sky of echoing bronze,
The English valleys shine,
The gardens moated in the wolds
By wind and water kissed,
And dainty girls that England folds
In sunshine and in mist.
The floods of battle ebb and flow,
The soldiers to Valhalla go! . . .

The fighting men go charging past,
With the battle in their eyes,
The fighting men go reeling past,
Like gods in poor disguise:
The glorious men whom none will see,
No wife or mother more,
Winged with the wings of Victory,
And helmeted by Thor! . . .

(From "The Volunteer and Other Poems." By Herbert Asquith. 1s. net. Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE READER.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS AND THE EPIC OF DARTMOOR.

By C. S. Evans.

I.

THE last ten years of the nineteenth century saw the beginnings of many new influences in literature. Some of them were strong enough to survive, and to create new traditions; most were ephemeral as they were bizarre, and have had little but a modifying effect upon the art of our time. It was a period of transition. The old giants were still alive, but their best work had been done. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" had been followed by "Jude the Obscure"; the genius of Meredith seemed finally to have lost its grip of vital things, and the pen which had given the world "Richard Feverel" thirty years before could produce in the 'nineties only such amazing brilliance as "One of our Conquerors," and "Lord Ormont and his Aminta." In fiction, in poetry, in art alike, new schools arose and crowds of newcomers jostled one another in the artistic arena, most of them impatient of old traditions and eager to travel on new-beaten paths. It was all rather fine, this strenuous, and if truth be told, somewhat vociferous revolt. To many a young man of to-day (or rather, of yesterday) the phrase "the eighteen-nineties" calls up visions of a golden age. But looking back upon it all we can see how little the current sense of artistic values has been affected by the stress and effort of that time. We still hold that an artist shall be master of his form, and we count it a merit in him if that form be beautiful; but nothing has happened to disturb our consciousness of the important truth that the laws of form are inherent in the artist's vision and are as much his own creation as the vision itself.

I have been led into this preamble by the reflection that Mr. Phillpotts, who was one of those young men of the 'nineties, took fast hold of a grand old tradition and refused to let it go. Instead of bothering about incidentals of form, as so many of his contemporaries did, he took up the tradition of the English novel as it was laid down by George Eliot and modified by Thomas Hardy, and, bringing to it a vision as individual as theirs, succeeded in achieving a beauty that is all his own. It has been Mr. Phillpotts' fate to find nearly every reviewer of each of his new books comparing him with Thomas Hardy. It must be rather irritating; and it is no more true than the assertion which is equally often repeated, that Thomas Hardy himself derives from George Eliot. All this business of comparison and derivation is almost entirely futile, and I propose to have nothing to do with it. Yet it may be as well to state generally the true position at the outset.

The fact is, of course, that although Eliot, Hardy and Phillpotts each found the material for their art in the English countryside, and particularly in the psychology of the English peasant; though they each excel in showing men and women in intimate relation with their environment, and although they are alike too in their use of the smaller essentials of their craft—those devices of sub-plot and peasant chorus which give the atmosphere of their work—yet there is a fundamental difference which concerns the very impulse of their art. And that difference may be expressed quite simply in a very few words. George Eliot looked at life from the angle of the moralist; Hardy from the angle of the philosopher. But Eden Phillpotts is above all things else the humanist, and his interpretation of life, with just as great a justification as theirs, is marked by a greater sympathy, though not by a deeper comprehension. It has become rather a wearisome platitude in these days to show how Hardy brought to the English novel a pessimism which has much in common with that of Schopenhauer. I need not therefore elaborate the point, except to say this—that all the wonderful power of Hardy's art is turned in the direction of a temperamental predisposition. Nature, for him, is an almost malign force, against which

From a drawing by Annie Benthall. **Eden Phillpotts.**

From "The Eden Phillpotts Calendar" (Cecil Palmer & Hayward).

Photo by Barratt, Torquay. **Eden Phillpotts. Aged 3.**

humanity struggles in vain. Man's intelligence is a malady, which is the sufficient cause of all his unhappiness; and the conditions of social life only aggravate the evils of existence. Eden Phillpotts has nothing in common with him except a similarity of material and method. He himself has well summed up his purpose in a phrase from Nietzsche: "I have tried to say 'yea' to life, even in its most difficult problem, and to display a will to life rejoicing at its own vitality in the sacrifice of its highest types." Hardy views humanity under the sway of blind fate, and finds perplexity, confusion and despair. Phillpotts sees man in allegiance to the law, and finds in the inevitable conflict only another aspect of the splendour of life. Egdon Heath is a desolate waste, sombre and ineffably menacing; but there are fertile valleys in Dartmoor.

II.

Having thus cleared this ubiquitous business out of the way, it may be as well to give a few biographical details.

Eden Phillpotts was born in 1862 among the Hindu and Jain ascetics of Mount Abu, Rajputana, his father, Captain Henry Phillpotts, of the 15th Native Infantry, being Political Agent of two districts at that time. Coming to England while still a boy, he went to school in Plymouth, and at the age of seventeen proceeded to London to take up a clerkship in the Sun Fire Office. There he remained nearly ten years, working during the day for his bread and butter, and at night working again (much harder, one suspects) in the attempt to satisfy an impulse towards artistic creation which he had already begun to feel. It was some time before he found his proper medium. At first he was attracted by the stage, but his efforts as an amateur actor led only to disappointment, and he abandoned the idea in favour of art. Here again, he was quick to recognise that the highest peaks were not for him. To literature then he turned, without conscious predisposition, and although it was long before he was rewarded by any encouragement from outside, yet his own very critical judgment was satisfied, and he set himself laboriously to conquer the technique of the writer's craft.

They must have been lonely years, those early years in London, when night after night the young man struggled to mobilise and discipline his forces. But in spite of many disappointments we have his own word for it that they were not unhappy—except of course at those moments, very frequent in the early days, when the double knock of the postman was followed by a dull and disconcerting thud in the letter-box. But he saw himself in print in due time, and published a book or two, the names of which do not matter. Then he joined the editorial staff of *Black and White*, under Oswald Crawfurd, and found leisure to make a beginning upon the ambitious work he had already planned—the human comedy of Dartmoor.

The first book of Mr. Phillpotts to win any sort of popular success was "Lying Prophets," a tale of the Cornish fisher-folk, published in 1896. It is prentice work of course, but it well displays the author's power of relating action to scene, and it is curiously interesting for the manner in which it foreshadows nearly all the tendencies of Mr. Phillpotts' maturer work. Indeed, no better idea of the development of his art can be obtained than by comparing this book with his masterpiece, "The Whirlwind." In both stories the central character is the daughter of a fanatic, and in both stories she yields to the desires of a man who is above her in station and education—a man of atheistic opinions and hedonistic philosophy. The very *dénouement* of the tragedy in both cases is the same, but how differently it is handled. There are few scenes in fiction which for sheer tragic power can compare with that last wonderful chapter in "The Whirlwind," when the deceived husband, having sought out his wife's betrayer only to find that death has forestalled his vengeance, stalks grimly over the moors to where she waits for him.

The first book of the Dartmoor series, "Children of the Mist" was published in 1899, and with it the author took definite place among the few writers of his day whose

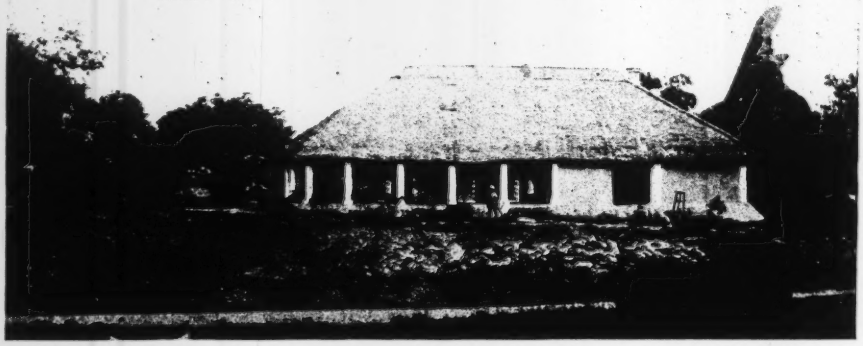


Photo by Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay. **The Nun's Rock, Mount Abu, Rajputana.**

The birthplace of Eden Phillpotts.

Photo by J. Hawke, Torquay. **Eden Phillpotts. Age 11.**

work was going to count. Now arose that Phillpotts—Hardy—Eliot tradition of criticism which is such an unconscionable time a-dying. But the public took kindly to the work from the first. The book was an immediate success in this country, and an even greater success in America, where it ran through no less than fifteen editions. Fine novel as it is—and even after twenty years we must still count it one of the mature expressions of Mr. Phillpotts' genius—I do not quite know why the Americans have always preferred this book to any other of the Dartmoor novels. Perhaps it is because it was the first in its *genre*. Revelations seldom come twice. But it is significant of the soundness of American popular judgment that when the author, spurred by the necessity of boiling the pot, endeavoured to follow up his success by writing a piece of journeyman-work about Americans on Dartmoor specially for American consumption, they would have none of it. And in these days Mr. Phillpotts, with a twinkle in his eye, will tell you that they were profoundly right.

"Sons of the Morning," which followed in 1900, was another inadequate piece of work. It seemed for a time as though the artist-spirit faltered. Then came "The River" and the tide of genius flowed full again.

Somewhere about this time Mr. Phillpotts left *Black and White* to join the staff of the *Idler* magazine, where he came into close connection with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and the late Robert Barr. To the *Idler* he contributed the first series of his "Human Boy" stories. These were afterwards collected in book form, and in obedience to the popular clamour for more, Mr. Phillpotts afterwards produced "The Human Boy Again" and "From the Angle of Seventeen." The thousands of readers who have enjoyed these tales will be glad to hear that the author has just finished yet another series, called "The Human Boy and the War" which will probably appear this year. Without claiming for these tales any undue significance as works of art, most people who have laughed over the exploits of "Nubby" Tomkins and Corky Minor will agree that Mr. Phillpotts gets very near to the essential heart of the boy.

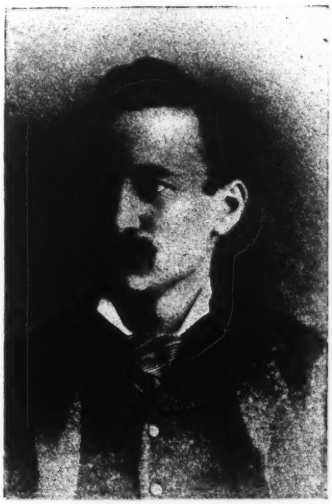


Photo by Porter, Ealing. **Eden Phillpotts. Age 30.**

Eden Phillpotts. Age 23.

I should make this section of my article a mere catalogue if I mentioned the names of all Mr. Phillpotts' novels. But between 1905 and 1910 he attained the very summit of achievement, producing in turn the four books we must account his masterpieces. They are "The Secret Woman," "The Whirlwind," "The Mother" and "The Thief of Virtue." The first-named aroused a storm of comment when it appeared, and later, when a dramatic version of it was prepared by Mr. Granville Barker, the Censor of Plays stepped in and prohibited its performance. We all remember the controversy that ensued. The prohibition was one of the ineptitudes of an institution singularly inept, and a vigorous letter of remonstrance was drawn up and signed by the chief men of letters of the day, including Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. But it had no effect, and Mr. Phillpotts having refused on artistic grounds, to delete the offending passages, the play was produced privately at the Kingsway Theatre, where it ran for about a fortnight. The author, however, was not present at rehearsals, and, owing to serious errors in casting, the play has never been adequately seen.

"The Mother" is perhaps the most sympathetic of Mr. Phillpotts' novels. It came from the heart of a man to whom the maternal instinct has always appealed as the most beautiful of the forces that sway humanity, and it makes its appeal direct to the heart. This book and "Demeter's Daughter," which, rightly considered, is only another part of the same picture, show Mr. Phillpotts at his best in presenting noble types of womanhood. They have both faults of construction, and they are both a little diffuse, but this is more than atoned for by the depth of

Photo by J. C. Denham, Torquay. **Eden Phillpotts. Age 35.**

Photo by Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay.

Eden Phillpotts.
Age 40.

emotional power they display. The mother-love of Avisa Pomeroy stretched out across the years, even when her body was dust, to save the soul of her son, and no one can read of it without being stirred to the heart of him.

"The Thief of Virtue," the last of these four great tragedies, contains, in Philip Ouldsbroom, a character that could only have been limned by the pen of a very great artist, and if Mr. Phillpotts had given us this book alone, he would have been certain of a place among the immortals. It is a slow-moving story, packed with incident and character, but it progresses towards the crisis with the inevitability of fate and it is told with an almost biblical austerity and restraint. Deceived by his wife, disappointed in the very nature of the child he fondly imagines his own, Ouldsbroom is a kind of Lear of the Moor, and there is something of the grandeur of Lear in his tragedy.

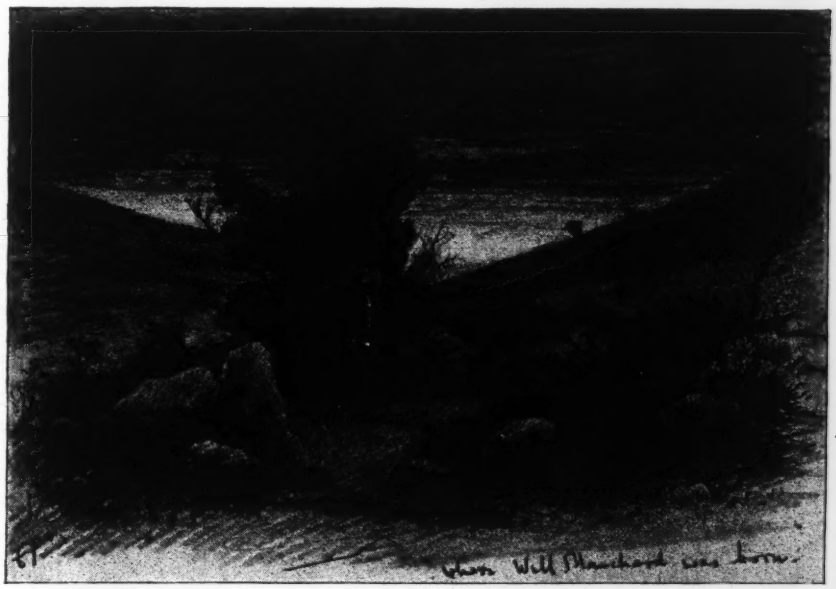
The Dartmoor comedy was completed in 1913 with "Widecombe Fair." Since then, Mr. Phillpotts has projected a new series of novels which shall deal with some of the more interesting of the minor industries of this country. Two of this series are already written. The first was a tale of the Devon potteries which was published last March, under the title of "Brunel's Tower." The second is "Old Delabole," which has just been issued by Mr. Heinemann, and was reviewed in the Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN. Its scene is, of course, the famous slate-quarrying village of Cornwall, where men worked before Shakespeare wrote. A third book, dealing with the Kentish hop-gardens is ready for the printer, and will be published this year, and Mr. Phillpotts tells me that he hopes to find inspiration for future stories in the oyster-fisheries of Colchester, and the charcoal-burners of the New Forest. But these ideas are as yet only in the air. Mr. Phillpotts' plan is not to choose arbitrarily a setting for a tale, but rather to live for a time amid surroundings that interest him, and to wait and see if they suggest a story to his mind.

III.

"My readers are asked to consider my work as a whole, and from no fragment," says Mr. Phillpotts in his Foreword to "Widecombe Fair." "They are asked to consider it as a frieze, carved largely and roughly, whereon victors, vanquished, and spectators of the ceaseless struggle play their parts in the great hypæthral theatre of the Western Moors. The workmanship is archaic, yet I venture to claim form and an economy of means so austere that the difficulties have often conquered me. . . ." Let me take the author at his word and attempt to outline one or two of the main characteristics of his art.

What, then, is Mr. Phillpotts' method in this human comedy of Dartmoor? Superficially it may be simply stated: he deals with nature and human nature as they present themselves in one particular district of the Moor, and the whole of the Moor itself is covered by the series in its entirety. If one were topographically inclined one could sketch out an itinerary beginning at Chagford and the surrounding country, which is the scene of "The Children of the Mist," and ending in the central square of Widecombe, underneath the yew-tree where Nicky Glubb used to sit and play his accordion; and one would have seen all of Dartmoor on the way.

A House on Dartmoor,
where some of the scenes in "A Thief of Virtue" are laid.
From a drawing by Eden Phillpotts.



On Dartmoor,

where Will Blanchard, of "Children of the Mist," was born.
From a drawing by Eden Phillpotts.

As a matter of fact, this is a journey that Americans often come all the way across the Atlantic to make, and they usually finish up in their thorough way by making a call on Mr. Phillpotts at the end of it.

But the mere topographical interest, great though it be, is not the chief reason for the essential unity of our author's comedy of Dartmoor. To place a story in a setting is obviously of no advantage unless the story grows out of that setting as a plant grows out of its native soil. Mr. Phillpotts' Dartmoor scenes, which he renders so faithfully and with such beauty, are not merely the frame of the picture; they are rather a component part of the picture itself; and though his people would be alive no matter where he placed them, he is able, by showing us their lives in relation to their environment, to do a much greater thing, and that is to show them in their relation to life itself. It is rather difficult to find an illustration to prove the truth of this; although it is perfectly obvious to any one who reads carefully two or three of the novels consecutively, it depends upon a multitude of subtle strokes and effects which cannot be defined. There is, of course, symbolism. Cosdon Beacon is no mere hill towering above the surrounding moor and thrusting its lonely summit grandly to the sky; it "attains to a sublimity and asserts a vastness beyond man's senses to refute, though within the measuring-rod's power to deny." It is, in a real, as well as in a symbolical sense an influence to those who dwell within its shadow, and it plays its part in the tragedy of their lives. This book, "The Beacon" may, I think, be taken as the key by any reader who wishes fully to comprehend Mr. Phillpotts' method in making Nature actually a protagonist in his stories. The lonely tor looms in the background of the drama, a portentous and significant presence, and Lizzie Densham and her two lovers both recognise it sub-consciously as the tangible expression of something that is in their souls. I cannot tell you how this impression is produced upon the mind of the reader. As I say, it depends upon a multitude of subtle strokes; but it is there, and it is one of the finest things in fiction I know. This no mere story-telling; it is the artist's vision and prophecy.

The same thing is true, in a less degree, of "The Forest on the Hill." On a first reading that book repelled me. I found it cold, almost brutal, but when I came to it a second time I found a sympathy I had missed before, a sympathy that depended entirely upon the intimate relation of human action to scene. One by one I might take all the novels in this way; and it would avail nothing. But I want to say that the reader who skips the "descriptions" in Phillpotts will never pluck the heart out of his mystery.

Harter Farm,

the farm of "The Secret Woman."
From a drawing by Eden Phillpotts.

Critics have often laid it to the charge of Mr. Phillpotts that he makes the triangular sex-relations of two women and one man, or vice versâ, the theme of nearly all his stories. The statement is obviously true, but it is equally true of the work of any artist who deals, as Phillpotts does, with men and women very near to mother-earth, in whose natures the play of those primitive passions that move all humanity is, for the most part, remarkably free and unshackled. After all, the sex relation is one of the great driving-forces of our being, though we wrap it round with convention; and in selecting it as a dominant motive Mr. Phillpotts is true not only to his material, but also to life. The difficulty comes in the handling of the motive, or rather, in that accumulation of motives which we call "free will." Mr. Phillpotts shows us his characters in allegiance to the law, but it is the law of life, and each shapes it his own way, according to his nature. "Nothing is so mystical as everyday life," said W. D. Howells in a very penetrating review of Mr. Phillpotts' work which appeared some years ago in *The North American Review*, "and such greatness as this author convinces us he has lies in his sense of the mystical quality of conduct in everyday life."

A case in point is that perplexing incident of the "fall" of Sarah Ann in "The Whirlwind." Here we have a woman in love with her husband, a good and even noble woman, who, while still continuing to love her husband, yields her body to her master, from a motive that is chiefly compassion. Is it possible to accept this as a true reading of life? Could such a woman act in such a way? The best answer is supplied by the fact that the reader never doubts the artistic truth of the story, while he is under the spell of the author's power. It is only afterwards, on cold reflection, that a philosophical doubt arises. The fact is that the woman did act in this way, and there is the end of it. The motives for her conduct were not simple; they depended upon a thousand circumstances of nature and environment, and the artist's business, which I think you will find he has faithfully performed, was to select those which justified his vision.

While I am on this matter, I may as well deal a little more fully with Mr. Phillpotts' women. His pages are crowded with memorable figures, all of them individuals true to type, but it is not right to take one of these very vivid portraits and present it as his conception of woman in the abstract—a thing many of his critics have done. The utmost one can say with truth is, that for the purposes of his art Mr. Phillpotts finds two types of women potent for good or evil in the world. I cannot better define these two types than by accepting the classification which that crazy genius, Otto Weininger, made years ago in "Sex and Character." According to his theory women fall into two classes—those in whom the maternal instinct, whether active or passive, is paramount, and those whose chief preoccupation is the business of sex-attraction. Upon the essential qualities of these two kinds of women all life's struggle turns, and the clash of the relations they bring about is the very stuff of which human tragedy is made. Of the first class the best exemplars are Avisa Pomeroy in "The Mother" and Alison Cleave in "Demeter's Daughter," in both of which the mother-instinct rises to a tragic height of pure passion. Lizzie Densham in "The Beacon," though she has no children, also belongs to this type, in spite of the fact that in her the creative maternal force is expended upon her husband. To the second class belong Honor Endicott in "Sons of the Morning," Audrey Leaman in "The Forest on the Hill" and perhaps Lavinia Hatch in "Demeter's Daughter." Neither type is ever of course quite pure; to present it so would be to falsify life; and there is a third type—the instinctively celibate—of which Mr. Phillpotts has given us one study and one only in "The Virgin in Judgment." Each type is potent chiefly in the relations of woman to man, and it is notoriously true that, for the most part, man prefers the second.

"There's no eternal, lasting fashion love but a mother's to her own male childer," says one of Mr. Phillpotts' mother-women. "Sweethearts' love is a thing o' the blood—a trick o' Nature to tickle us poor human things into breeding against our better wisdom; but what a mother feels doan't hang on no such broken reed. It's deeper down; it's hell an' heaven both to wance; it's life, an' to lose it is death."

Man to such a woman as this is the father of her children, and the physical relations between man and woman are almost a sacred thing. But to the other class, passion is merely a pleasant incident, a thing to strive after, to long for, but not a thing to which any particular significance is attached. "What is it but to feed 'em?" says Lavinia Hatch, in "Demeter's Daughter," "Do you know what I think? I think 'tis as little a thing as 'twould be for a nursing mother to take her breast from her own sleeping baby and give it to another woman's hungry little one. Be that unfaithful to your own?"

I do not mean, of course, that Mr. Phillpotts has consciously adopted any such theory as that which I have outlined, but I think that subconsciously he is aware of its truth, and the fact colours his outlook upon feminine human nature. In this enlightened age it ought not to be necessary to utter a warning against attempting to extract an author's philosophy from the words of his characters. A philosophy, if it exists, can only be discovered by a study of the general trend of the author's work.

Mr. Phillpotts records human nature as he sees it, and he does so courageously, knowing that there is no subject which is beyond the artist's province. The whole criterion is how the thing is done. There are certain elemental impulses which, whether kept in subordination to moral law or allowed to break loose from it, are yet present in all humanity. And it is usually when one of these impulses does break loose that we get the material for tragedy. The artist's business is to observe and record, and his justification is that he achieves beauty and truth.

"We gather fig from thistle, grape from thorn where art
is born;
Then suck your grapes with joy, and leave the stones,
Nor utter silly sanctimonious groans
Because a seed is sown.
Let clocks of men, that only keep good time,
Make their own rhyme,
And tick perfection from the mantelpiece
Of each mean spirit; still art's ancient lease
Is shortened not an hour."

I find that I have left myself very little space to deal with the other general characteristics of Mr. Phillpotts' genius—the austerity of his methods, the admirable artistic restraint he displays in the handling of his great themes, and particularly the sympathy and humour of his rustic sketches. Sometimes his peasants talk a little too much "like naughty boys who have been reading the leaders in the London papers," and he occasionally overdoes the idea of the peasant chorus round the inn-fire. But these are small things, and we can readily forgive them for the sake of the gallery of delightful people he has given us.

For somehow or other Eden Phillpotts contrives to make us interested even in his most unlovable characters. We laugh at the hypocrisy of Aaron Cleave, but we have a sneaking regard for the fellow all the same. We are indignant at the ruin worked by Rhoda Bowden, but it is really at fate we gird, not at her. We would like to kick Martin Ouldsbroom beyond the furthest confines of his parish, but nevertheless we cannot deny some measure of sympathy with his point of view. This comprehension which he has the power to awake in us forms after all the greatest charm of Mr. Phillpotts' work, and we need split no critical hairs to enjoy it. It is as the humanist, as the novelist of loving-kindness, that Eden Phillpotts will be remembered when the work of much more pretentious writers is forgotten.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation of the Special Constable in four or eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Ivan Adair, of 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin, and Private J. Peacock, Princess Patricia's, B.E.F., c/o G.P.O., London, for the following:

PRAYER.

Jesus, when they cannot sleep,
Come Thyself, and vigil keep.

Send their awful dreams of war,
Out into the dark afar.

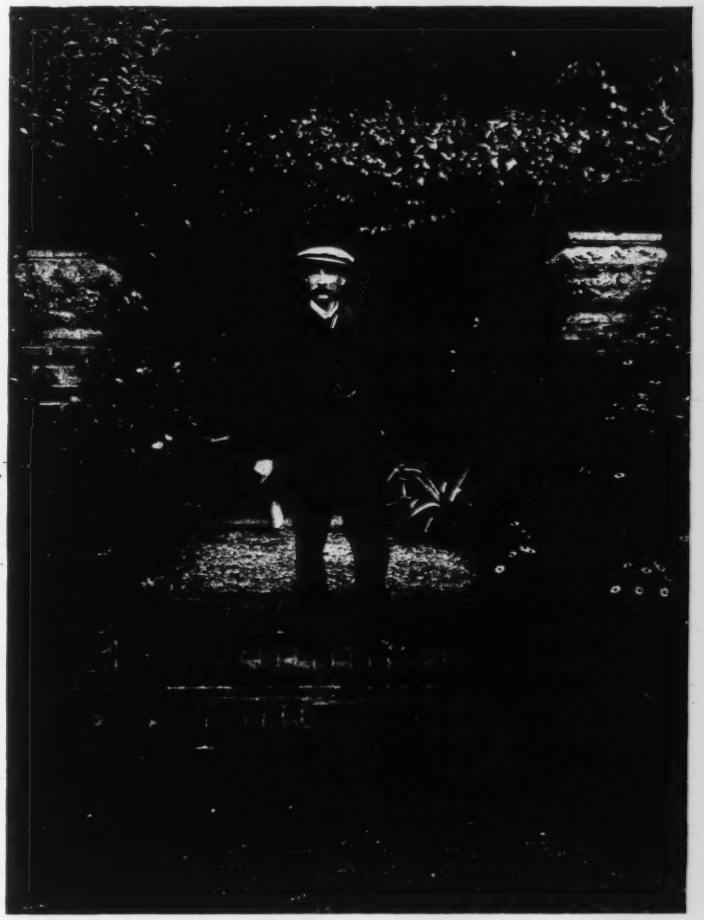


Photo by Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay.

Eden Phillpotts, in his garden at Torquay.

When they yearn for Home's sweet grace,
Let them find it, in Thy face.

When they crave some voice to hear,
Jesus, whisper in their ear.

Thou hast knowledge fair and good,
Learned of Mary's motherhood.

Thou hast darker knowledge—yea,
Of the dim and pain-paved way.

With these twain, oh! God's dear Son,
Keep and guard each suffering one.

IVAN ADAIR.

FAREWELL.

If we had only met
In youth's glad spring of flowers and sunny skies,
When clouds were purple mists, and Earth as yet
Appeared a Paradise!

If I our paths had seen
Verging to meet, would I in woodland bowers
Dreaming have lingered, or in meadows green
Loitered through golden hours?

But now we meet too late,
Only a week to know thee as thou art,
My soul's desire and dream, my life, my fate,
A week—and we must part!

For now thy form grows dim,
The dark advance of mighty wings is stayed,
And lo! relentless Duty, stern and grim,
Veils thee in gloomy shade.

And the despairing knell
Of every hope—e'en hoping to forget—
Rings in my heart's wild cry—Farewell, farewell,
Would we had never met!

PRIVATE J. PEACOCK.

We also select for printing:

LOVE'S SILENCE.

Oh, love! because you are the whole of me,
The mystery of dawn—the dusk—the night;
Because you bring to Life such keen delight,
I cannot find the words to write of thee.

So close thy soul to mine, birds wing to wing
In the still night could not more closely lie;
Perchance, dear love, that is the reason why
I always falter when of thee I sing.

Deep lies my love as jewels hidden rare,
I care not for the world's appraising eye.
So in my secret heart securely lie,
My thoughts of thee, unseen, unsullied, fair.

My pulses leap to music at thy touch,
At the soft thrilling of thy tender hand.
Always you seem to subtly understand
That I am dumb, because I love too much.

Thy kisses are most wonderful to me,
Pure, passionate, yet tender as the night.
The magic of thy voice is sheer delight,
Love of my heart, my being is in thee.

(Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson, Branksome, Middlesborough).

WIND.

She sings, she sings a melody,
A lovely, weary melody,
And floats about each leafy tree,
And combs her wayward hair.

Her dancing shimmers on the grass—
Elusive on the flowery grass
Bending as her footsteps pass,
To feel their pressure there.

All day she wanders waywardly,
Far and near and waywardly
With light, small feet on stream and lea,
And combs her wayward hair.

(P. Whitehouse, Ballynafoy, Horesham.)

HEREAFTER.

Love that is light with laughter, and Love that is dark with tears
Shall meet in the Hereafter, at the ending of the years,
When to-day is as to-morrow, and Time's touch cannot destroy—
There Joy shall smile on Sorrow, and Sorrow weep for joy!
There Grief and Gladness meeting, shall know that they are one,
Touch hands, and kiss in greeting, 'twixt the shadow and the sun,
And their feet shall tread a measure down the great eternal plain,
Crushing crimson wine of Pleasure from the purple grapes of Pain!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

SPRING BLOSSOM.

The trees are white to-day,
The rivers sing;
From every shaken spray
Comes carolling.

Not only on the trees
Buds break apart—
Love, all as white as these,
Blooms in my heart!

(Mary Carolyn Davies, 9, West 47th Street, New York City.)

From the numerous other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Miss R. Dobson (Brondesbury), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), A. Vickridge (Torquay) Lilian Holmes (Charing), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Isobel W. Hutchison (Kirkliston), Doris Dean (Bromley), E. R. L. (Durham), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Thora Stowell (Cairo), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), C. Curryer (Acton), M. C. Lufkin (Parkstone), Cicely Langhorn (London, S. W.), R. Scott Frayn (Silsden), "Margaret" (Birmingham), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Beatrice Brett Miller (Glasgow), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), M. P. Noel (London, S. W.), T. A. King (Birmingham), S. C. Cain (Toronto), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Malcom Humphrey (Aldershot), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), Beatrice Bunting (W. Hartlepool), B. P. Khambatta (Bombay), Joyce F. Powell (Liverpool), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland, N. Z.), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), H. Thompson Rich (New Jersey, U.S.A.), K. Forbes Dunlop (Eastbourne), E. Leslie Gunston (Reading), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), N. Laurie (Finchley), W. A. Sumanasekera (Ceylon), Arthur S. Wilshere (Dalston), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Emily Buxton (Mansfield), Bella Cooper (California), L. F. R. (Chichester), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Private Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

ECONOMY IN WAR TIME. BY MRS. EUSTACE MILES. (Methuen.)

"Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor."
SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*

We also select for printing:

TOWARDS A LASTING SETTLEMENT. BY G. L. DICKENSON. (Allen & Unwin.)

"The Landlady after him hurried."
R. H. BARHAM.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE FOREST OF SWORDS. BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER. (Appleton)

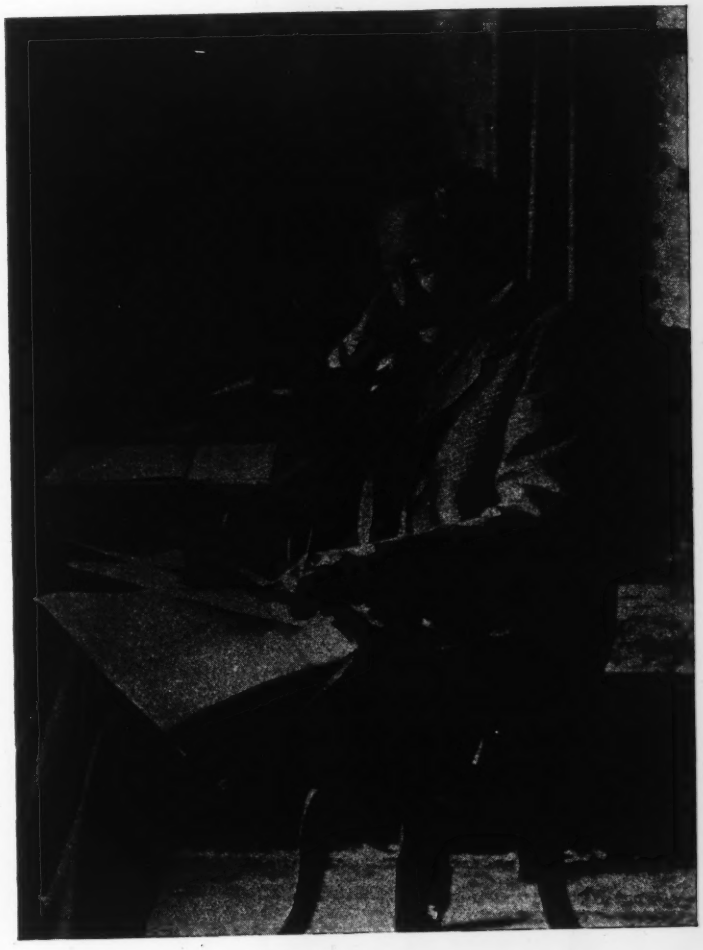
"Oh, come along out of it, quick!"
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Just So Stories.*

(Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.)

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN. BY THOMAS DIXON. (Appleton)

"Then the girl in her first youth married a curate."
JEAN INGELOW, *Laurence.*

(Francis Carruthers, Wickford, Essex.)



Eden Phillpotts

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of verse on War Time Economies is awarded to Ida May, of 5, Trinity Church Road, Castlenau, Barnes, S.W., for the following:

WAR-TIME ECONOMIES.

Though I can't fight, a patriot am I;
Cheerful, I eat the loathed potato pie.

My love for mine own country well is seen
When, loving butter, I eat margarine.

My Motherland! no more prime undercuts;
For thee I dine on cheese and monkey nuts.

I fast and scrape and neither faint nor swerve;
Living on rice, O England, I, too, serve!

We specially commend as the best six of the many other verses sent in those by S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), N. Sheridan (Birkenhead), Hedley V. Storey (Camden Town), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Irene Williams (Pontypridd).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to G. E. Thompson, 24, Stanhope Road, Highgate, N., for the following:

THE RED DAYS Being the Diary of a Prussian Officer as communicated by H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

There is no reason to suppose that this document is not genuine. It seems a very fair picture of the attitude of mind of the educated German to whom Militarism is not a synonym for Culture. There is little description of the fighting: the diarist seeks to analyse elusive impressions and to describe the effect which actual warfare has upon the mind of a man thoroughly impregnated with the theory of it. Most of his conclusions have been reached elsewhere, but seldom so tersely and with such clean probing to the roots of the matter.

We also select for printing:

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SIR EDWARD GREY, 1906–1915. BY GILBERT MURRAY. (Clarendon Press.)

It is seldom that we look to a classical scholar for guidance in social and political affairs, but in the case of Professor Gilbert Murray we have a brilliant exception to the general rule, and Sir Edward Grey could not desire the defence of his foreign policy in better hands. With fairness, tact, and a never-failing courtesy, Professor Murray subjects the course of action pursued by the Foreign Secretary to a thorough and impartial examination, the conclusions of which establish, in a most convincing manner, the ability and integrity of one of the greatest of living statesmen.

(Douglas Harrison, 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent.)

VICTORY. BY JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen)

"Victory" is a romance of the unusual laid in a country off the beaten track. The characters of the girl Lena, Heyst, the mono-maniac Schomberg, and the two desperadoes, are strongly drawn. So, too, is the scenery, the utter desolation of Heyst's island; the hot, dusty, asphyxiating dinners beneath the verandah of Schomberg's hotel, where the doll-like Mrs. Schomberg sat installed in dreary state. . . . The book is cleverly written, with here and there flashes of very genuine humour, and yet there runs throughout its length a whimsical undercurrent of freakish pity that intensifies the pathos of its finish.

(D. O. Teale, Worcester Park.)

POINTED ROOFS. BY DOROTHY RICHARDSON. (Duckworth)

It is difficult to convey in words the fascination of this book. The experiences of a pupil teacher in a girl's school in Germany are told in an unusual style, which gives intimately the sense of mystery underlying the everyday realities. In terms of painting it might be described as a "pointilliste" work, each stroke being put upon the canvas separately, making a living, palpitating whole. It is lived on to the pages rather than written. We shall look forward eagerly to the next chapter of Miriam's life promised by the author.

(Bertha C. Priestley, 10, Great Ormond Street, W.C.)

We also specially commend the very good reviews received from Reginald Gray (Darlington), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Annie M. Birch (Hull), Malcom Humphrey (Aldershot), James A. Richards (Tenby), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), C. A. Sinclair (London, W.), Emily D. Gisby (Newbury), P. R. Krishnandami (Madras), Miss Tucker (Leamington), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), E. Beechey (Pentre), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Roland Hirst (Tockwith), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Telford), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Gilbert Barnett (Farnborough), Hugh W. Strong (Whitley Bay), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Florence Parsons (Altrincham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to A. Welch, 8, Fairfax Road, Bedford Park, W.

RICHARD WHITEING.*

"I WAS born, alas! as far back as 1840," Mr. Whiteing writes on the first page of his memoirs, "and there is still so much to see." Nothing could be more characteristic of him than that little touch of regret. How many men born so far back as 1840 are still so alertly alive, so keenly interested in the world around them and all that is happening and going to happen in it that their one regret is they are not much younger and so might hope to see much more of it? He has had a full and strenuous career; he has warmed both hands at the fire of life, but he is by no means ready to depart. It is no ordinary nature that could come through the wear and tear of seventy-five years and still be so young at heart, so bravely optimistic, so true to the fine ideals of his youth, that could still find the world a right joyous and a kindly place, and be more eagerly interested in everybody and everything in it than he is in himself and his own affairs. He can say with Ulysses:

"Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

and might add with him as truthfully:

"Myself not least, but honoured of them all,"

only that it would not be natural in Mr. Whiteing to make that addition.

Half the charm of his personality, and half the charm of his book, are in this invincible modesty. If you read his pages, knowing nothing of him beforehand, you would gather that he had roamed the earth as a busy journalist and had written two books, and that is about all. When he is picturing his boyhood, his school-days, his early adventures in the Grub Street of London journalism, Mr. Whiteing is delightfully intimate; all this—the sketch of his life with his widowed father

* "My Harvest." By Richard Whiteing. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

in the lodgings down Norfolk Street, Strand, his school experiences, his attendances at the Working Men's College, when Frederic Denison Maurice was its Principal and his colleagues and supporters were such men as Ruskin, Furnivall, Hughes, Kingsley; his apprenticeship to Wyon the great seal engraver; his yearnings towards authorship, and how he found means to realise them—all this is as fascinating as a first reading of parts of "David Copperfield"; perhaps because it takes you back into the Dickens atmosphere and among scences and characters such as Dickens knew, but chiefly, I think, because Mr. Whiteing has much the same delight in life and the human element of it that Dickens had, and much the same genial humour and large-heartedness. Reticent of himself and his own achievements when he comes to tell of his later years, he seems to have been able to look back on his boyhood and write of himself as a boy and as a young man as freely and sympathetically as he might have written of some other boy he used to know, and now remembers with a certain wistfulness.

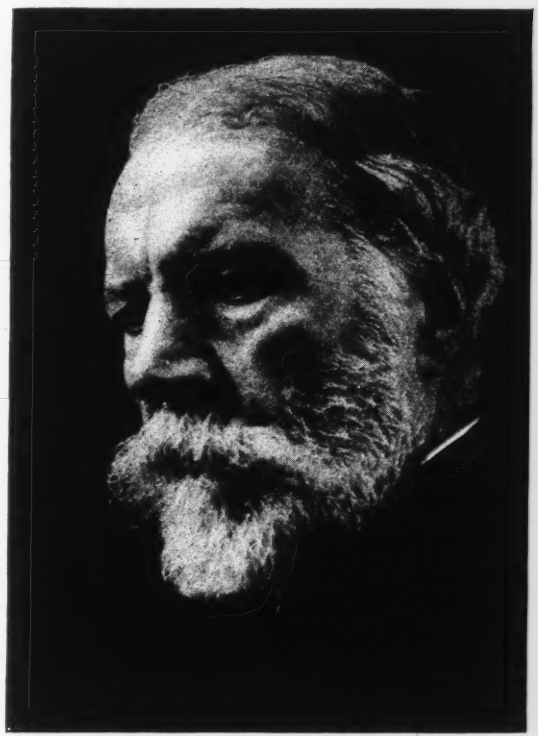


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Richard Whiteing.**

When he was out of his apprenticeship as an engraver, he "set up for myself with parental aid, and with varied fortunes, mostly bad." Then, at six-and-twenty, to his father's disappointment, he abandoned this craft, and went to Paris, for two pounds a week, as secretary to the English Committee of a Working Class Exhibition that was to be held there. Returning from that, in due course, he installed himself in a garret off Gray's Inn Road, resolved to live the literary life. "I was so eager for this that I never thought of pleasing myself: so it was a sort of double event of misapplied energy. I turned out stories, essays, these preferred, skits, sketches, anything that came into my mind, as distinct from coming out of it, and, of course, I had nothing but failures to my credit." His first success came with the acceptance by the *Clerkenwell News* of an article on clocks and watches, which was duly published, but not paid for. Just then, James Greenwood's article, "A Night in a Workhouse—by an Amateur Casual," made its sensational appearance in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; it was the first of a series relating the adventures in lower London of a gentleman disguised as a tramp. A friend of Mr. Whiteing's suggested that he should give the other side of the picture—the experiences of one of the lower orders who, suitably disguised, was introduced into the upper circles. The immediate result was "A Night in Belgrave Square—by a Costermonger," which promptly appeared in the *Evening Star*, and was so gloriously successful that the author followed it with more in the same vein, and eventually collected the series into his first book, "Mr. Sprouts—His Opinions."

For the *Star*, Mr. Whiteing went to Paris in 1867; and collogued with some of those fiery spirits who were presently to figure tragically in the story of the Commune; in 1873 he went to Spain for the *New York Tribune*, and saw Spain in the throes of a revolution. Returning to England, he worked for a time on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*; then went back to Paris in the early days of the Republic, saw much of the leading men of that period, and became resident correspondent there for the *New York World*. Thereafter, he was in Berlin; and thence went to Russia for *Scribner's Magazine*; thence to America; then to France again, and at length back to London, where he joined the staff of the *Daily News*; and was for many years one of its principal contributors, he and Herbert Paul and Andrew Lang writing its leading articles. In 1899 he retired from the *Daily News*, turned altogether from journalism, and, carrying out a long cherished purpose, took up his literary career in earnest. In that same year (1899) he stepped into instant popularity as a novelist with "No. 5, John Street." Already, in 1876, he had published "The Democracy," and in 1888 that brilliantly satirical novel, "The Island," but it was "John Street" that gave him his first big success as a writer of fiction.

Wherever his journalistic duties had taken him Mr. Whiteing evidently entered into the life of the place and the hour with the finest gusto. It always interested him, and he interests you in it unfailingly. His pen-portraits of the editors, journalists, authors, politicians, and remarkable personalities he has met, with the shrewdness and understanding of his judgments on them, and his masterly, condensed sketches of the social and political movements of his times throw real and illuminating side-lights on the general history of the last half century. The occasional running commentary on English, French and American literature is acute, independent and admirably suggestive. Mr. Whiteing sat at dinner with Dickens, when Sala and Lord Lytton were present; he has the vividest recollections of Victor Hugo in his old age; of Ouida, and many another; of that literary bohemianism which is almost a thing of the past now; and his account of how Disraeli baulked him of an interview and Gladstone was lured into granting one is among the most entertaining of the many good stories that are scattered up and down his

chapters. Everywhere the book takes its distinctive tone from the vigorous personality of the writer; his opinions of the men he has known, the events he has witnessed, are full of the same ripe philosophy of life, the gracious humour and searching worldly wisdom that enrich not only "No. 5, John Street," but are the salt and savour of that delectable volume of essays, "Little People," and of "The Yellow Van," and those other books of his of which he tells you never a word. Which last is like him, too, and completes the picture of himself while it seems to leave it unfinished.

C. W.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.*

By Dr. William Barry.

PERHAPS from the habit of Oriental studies, where the volume opens at the end, I have not seldom found that I could best lay hold of a man's meaning if I read his composition backwards. It is so beyond peradventure in regard to this very abstruse last will and testament on the subject of which he is a Grand Master, by A. E. Waite. Poet and mystic, but mystic in the highest degree of literature extant among English-speaking peoples, the place which he has won entitles him to sit beside Maeterlinck, whom he surpasses in learning and, after a different manner, equals in expressive style. But where, as the Preface to his chapters tells us, he turns from the initiated to "the man of ordinary thought," I believe such a man will make the better start if he begins by ascertaining the author's spirit and attitude towards established organs of religion, in brief, towards the Churches. That relation is clearly set out in the closing pages, from 294 to 327. It is peculiar but not obscure, and may be shared by others who, in a general sense, are Modernists—by which I mean that they accept the letter of Catholic Tradition while moulding it to a spiritual sense of their own. They go beyond the word rather than against it. They have ceased to be Protestants; but the Roman Church will not be seduced into reckoning them among her children—I am far from hinting that they all desire it—by the loving admiration which they bestow on her Sacraments, Liturgy, Saints, and spiritual teaching. They borrow from her treasures without paying the price of allegiance demanded. They are free mystics, enamoured of the beauty of Catholicism, echoing our language with delight, not however as a mere poetical arbitrary form, but as befitting the Western mind indefinitely more than the terms and images of the Hindu Yogi, the Persian Sufi, or the Jew Cabalist. It is a position quite comprehensible; just as certainly it is not orthodox.

So much I am bound to make plain, how little soever the "man of common thought" may care about orthodoxy. If he scorns dogma, calls ritual mumming, is or was until of late disposed to be agnostic when any rumours from a world beyond sense came floating into his counting-house, I suppose he would agree with his physician that hysteria and mysticism are mother and daughter. On the other hand, there are not a few to whom—the "bankruptcy of science" in regard to man's dearest hopes appearing not less evident than what various popular guides termed the "collapse of theology"—a way of escape seems to offer itself from nescience and despair, as through the very heart of science itself. How do we test any hypothesis? By experience, surely. Let us then test the hypothesis of God by experience. Quitting argument, let us throw ourselves upon life, at all levels, in the deep below deep of which slumber, trance, and even insanity reveal, as psychical research has been affirming, glimpses not vouchsafed to noonday sense or the logic of surface phenomena. Whatever God may be He is not among these shadows and successions; He can play no part in that which our author admirably names the "pageant." Because He is most real—*Ens Realissimum*—therefore He is most hidden.

I take the reasoning in this last sentence to be sound; in which case it justifies the modern application of the word "mysticism," both as doctrine and quest. Though every human creature be invited to seek and to find God, still it would remain true, in the language of this writer, "that it is the most difficult enterprise which can be undertaken by the human mind." We have heard of the "strait gate," the "narrow way," and the few that find it. Revelation embodied in the Church and its ordinances bears testimony by its presence to the darkness on which it sheds light. And if, to quote the sentence with which Plotinus sums up his "Enneades," the divine life here and hereafter must be "the flight of the alone to the alone," what shall we say of a journey so unimaginable? Occult sciences, far outrunning our school psychology, and dealing with man in relation to man, it is not impossible to conceive; but behold we are summoned to practise a science one term of which is, by confession, infinite. The reasoning that goes back to a First Cause will never be overthrown by agnostics. The "way of union" implies that we are moving towards the Final Cause, the end and purpose of our being. To attain it in thought and reality may well be deemed "the most difficult" of enterprises. It is the Divine Adventure.

It need not, or rather it cannot, be anything else. Mr. Waite—and herein he proves himself especially the master—gently but decisively puts aside many forms of pretended or, at least, not verified experiments, with which the pilgrim to this heavenly Zion is not concerned. Magic, for instance, or theurgy, has always tempted practitioners in the occult; the true adept will have none of it. I know from his many travels through rare provinces of learning that the books of magicians, alchemists, Rosicrucians, Freemasons, have drawn the eyes of this life-long student. But except for curious imagery, often very apt, or because of the "correspondences" that exist everywhere in nature

* "The Way of Divine Union." By A. E. Waite. 7s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

and are taken up beyond nature, he lets them alone when the secret of Divine Love is to be sought. Chivalrous tales, above all the "High History of the Holy Graal," speak to his heart. Indeed that History and the stages of mystical dedication are the inner and outer of one supreme thing. "*Est una sola res*," he quotes from the Hermetic philosophy. To attain it by way of holiness we need not, sometimes we must not, turn into the forest tracks which promise to reward perils with knowledge. Delusive lore of the stars (astrology), cosmic explorations such as Swedenborg narrates, colloquies with dead men and women, lie far away from the simple quest. Its object is not to satisfy curiosity, nor to work wonders, nor to heal by faith, nor to indulge sentiment and emotion to the full. I think it might be given rightly, though not adequately, in the cry of a Latin saint, "*O amare, O ire, O ad Deum pervenire!*" Motive, path, goal, are shadowed in this deeply felt aspiration. But that which is at length to be found exceeds the earth-born dialect created by our meaner wants. Dante sings of it,

> "O eternal Light,
> Sole in thyself thou dwellest, art of thyself
> Sole understood, past, present, or to come."

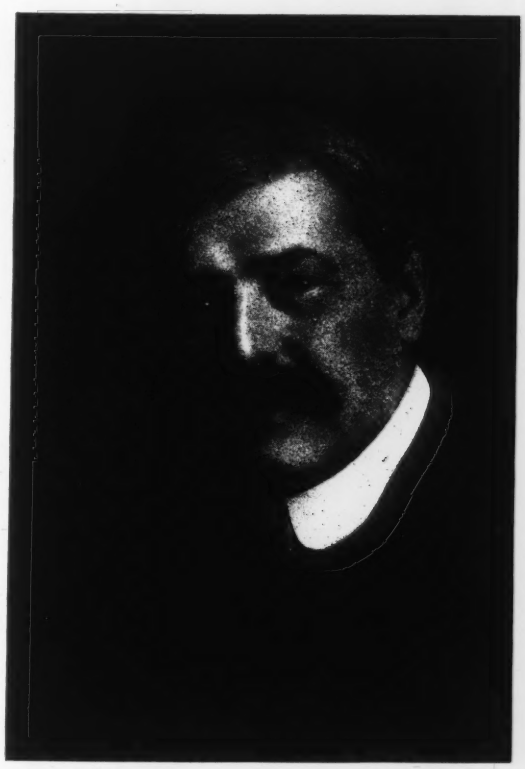


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **A. E. Waite.**

Nevertheless, by metaphor, by analogy, with such a strain of passionate music as Dante sounds in the "Paradiso," memories may be fixed, and their import conveyed, by choice spirits waking from that ineffable moment in which to them God was all in all. Here, now, is a matter for astonishment. The Catholic Church, with its Sacraments and the elaborate ritual moving round its altar, has been judged a formal religion, an art of exciting sentiment and nothing more. Mr. Waite, traversing the ages that he may light upon a pure sanctuary where beyond all forms the union of Divine Love is accomplished, discovers it in Rome. That most visible of Churches turns out to be likewise a secret tabernacle, dwelling of saints and mystics, in possession of a literature that sets up the standard by which we shall determine what is good, what is worthy of imitation by us as pilgrims. Latin mysticism abides, and its writings give the norm, just as Greek is the norm of the Western intellect. I call that wonderful. Is it true? No one, after following the chapters of history and criticism which sum up the evidence collected for many years by this impartial witness, can doubt it. Beginning with Dionysius, the Alexandrian who was thought to be the Areopagite, but who wrote on "Mystical Theology" perhaps about A.D. 531, we pursue a long line of teachers including St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, and others not yet canonised, of whom Ruysbroeck is far the greatest, down to latter-day monastic manuals derived from these classics of the spiritual life. On grounds which in part I apprehend, the most famous of uninspired works, the "Imitation," finds no place in my author's catalogue. But Thomas à Kempis wins the hearts of thousands to whom Thomas Aquinas is unknown. He keeps along the path of devout experience; he intimates the hidden joys of being one with Christ. In humbler style than the soaring Areopagite, nor pretending to system like St. John of the Cross, he tells his readers how to reach the goal. Every page he has left marks a stage or a station upwards. But I refer to à Kempis now by way of proof that the Roman Communion has been instructing her children in the mystic lore from times long past.

Mr. Waite endeavours to sketch the general outline, which he says never has been hitherto done, while estimating the contribution to his problem of each several writer. His judgments will repay study. I do not often dissent from them, even where they reverse or qualify widespread opinions, as in the case of Fénelon and Madame Guyon, lesser lights than has been deemed by literary commentators. I could wish for an ampler reference to the Carmelite, Philippus a SS. Trinitate, whose volumes the late Bishop Ullathorne (a sound authority) held to be the best grammar of mysticism. Another name worth adding, but not in the volume, is Angelus Silesius, otherwise Johann Scheffler (1624–1677), whose "Cherubinischer Wandersmann" reminds us of Eckhart, and took some colouring from Jacob Behmen, but is Catholic as was its author, a Franciscan Minorite. Students of Schopenhauer will not have forgotten with how keen a delight he quotes Angelus. But I must hasten on.

We come now, regretfully, to Mr. Waite's paradoxes, which I take leave to view as a form of Modernism applied to Catholic doctrine and practice. In a quiet fashion, courteously but with hard words, the writer who confesses that he owes ten thousand talents to Rome, assails monasticism, vows of celibacy, ideas of self-mortification, though fully aware of the deep which he thus opens between himself and all Saints. It is Modernism to treat Catholic dogmas like empty grooves into which we may run any burning matter that we please. It is not less to grant that whether we hold the life of Christ to be a fact or a myth, we can still attain to spiritual perfection by means of it.

To talk of "the virus of celibacy," when we bear in mind certain Gospel utterances which no Higher Criticism has thought of questioning, is Modernism and something more. There was no need of all this. The Church teaches that in every permitted state of life the Divine Quest may be followed. By her blessings and consecrations, as by the whole Sacramental system dear to my author, she transfigures Nature exactly as he would have her do. Let us be frank. Where the Church has eyes wide open, and gentle persons of Mr. Waite's temperament give only a side-glance, lies the field of the world's wickedness. By revulsion, as I suspect, from the Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, the opposite pole is reached. American bright beams play over the abyss. Did not Emerson inspire some of these sentences which make the better life so easy? In the abstract we may adapt St. Paul and say, "Neither to be married signifies anything nor to be unmarried, but to love God." And yet St. Paul praises the state of virgins as giving scope for divine worship more than wedlock. If the Church does no more than put the New Testament in practice, where will this quarrel lead us?

But I am not minded to quarrel with a writer in whose high thought and nobly-adequate expression I find so much that is beautiful and strong. With a little patience, and some distrust of private judgment, to the ravages of which he is not blind, Mr. Waite could have given us a far more orthodox account of the mystic pilgrimage, not losing but gaining by the harmonies of old and new. He is justly severe on extravagances which beset this subject in our day. He warns the unwise against plunging into hypnotism and ecstasy. That is well. But why could he not have allowed, on the authority of the Church he reveres, to such as desire to flee from the world their cloister, with its contemplation drawn far within of the Holy Graal? "God fulfils Himself in many ways." Yes, in infinite ways. And he that calls Nature a parable and a Sacrament has already seen through it; his foot is on the *Via Sacra* which goes beyond it.

New Books.

THE GREEK TRADITION.*

It has of late become, perhaps, too much the fashion for authors to add to their works a sort of "commendatory epistle" written by some one of reputation. Frequently this is called "A Foreword"—and of such books the sensible reader will beware—but in the present case the writer is content to accept what, in more unaffected language, is called "A Preface." Yet assuredly all such things, no matter what their name, are wholly undesirable. "Good wine needs no bush," and a good book should need no puff preliminary. An author should be like a confident host who lets us taste what is set before us and then pass judgment for ourselves. One cannot imagine Herodotus or Thucydides, about whom Mr. Thomson has many wise words to say, taking a patron for their works. "Thucydides the Athenian wrote the history" is how the one begins; Ἡροδότου Ἁλικαρνασῆος ἱστορίης ἀπόδειξις ἥδε is the commencement of the other, and Mr. Thomson might well adopt a like independence. But some critics, it seems, fell foul of his former work, "Studies in the Odyssey," because he deviated from the traditions of the schoolmen and from their "favourite orthodoxies," so that he apparently thought it needful to take shelter under the redoubtable ægis of Professor Gilbert Murray, although the weapons he himself wields are of the best, and the cause which he upholds is of the strongest.

Mr. Thomson, in fact, belongs to that class of "scholars" for which alone this busy world can to-day find room. He does not care much for what is technical and formal; probably he has never read "Hermann *De Particula ἄν*" or deeply studied the Greek dialects, but he tries hard to get at the very heart of a writer, to enter into his very thought and purpose, to live with him, as it were, in close touch and an intimate familiarity. And to do that, if any one will consider even for a moment, is indeed the most difficult of tasks. It is not easy, for instance, to step back for more than two thousand years and to feel exactly as Thucydides felt. The gap that yawns between us and him is almost beyond bridging, and to write such a history as his would to-day be impossible. Think of a war which lasted "thrice nine years," and which left a ruin where there had been an Empire. Then think of the history of it as written by one who, having been cashiered for failure as a general, had spent twenty years in the bitterness of exile, but following every step with closest interest, and imagine what a modern writer would have made of the theme. There would have been twenty volumes instead of one; fact would have been piled upon fact, and criticism upon criticism; while there would, one fancies, have been abundance of those "personal explanations" in which the fretful self-consciousness of our day too impatiently indulges. But with Thucydides it was different. He does, indeed, tell us that "it happened to me to be in exile from my own country for twenty years after being in command at Amphipolis," but it is only to emphasise the fact that he had thus been enabled to learn much of "matters on both sides," and he deals with his subject as a great whole. Precise indeed he can be—witness his description of the plague—but it is with judgment, and he never wearies us with details that are superfluous. The patient years have brought with them "the larger mind" which overlooks irrelevancies and sees only what is "a possession for all time," with the result that we seem to be present at a drama which may have its minor episodes but where the great scenes tell greatly. And on this drama the author looks, it might seem, with intellectual aloofness. He appears to some "coldly objective" in his treatment, a pure "realist," or "the very embodiment of dispassionate reason." But Mr. Thomson judges otherwise. "Under words superficially unemotional is hidden a profound emotion; we feel it, although we cannot say exactly how it is communicated; its communication is one of the secrets of genius, and this secret Thucydides possesses." How dear indeed Athens was to him may be estimated from the Funeral Oration of Pericles—the finest, perhaps, and the most feeling eulogy that was ever penned. He loved it with a great love, as Dante, to use Mr. Thomson's apt comparison, may have loved Florence, but if, unlike the banished poet, he does not "rage" against it, his restraint and "reticence" must not mislead. Rage and fury are never consonant with Greek art, and least of all with the temper of Thucydides, who was not only a supreme artist but one of those master intellects which no gusts of passion can oversway. He is not to be moved from his secure judgment by regrets, by anger, or by disapproval. He records almost as if his book were that of the recording angel, and if he "nothing extenuates," he "sets down naught in malice." Self-controlled, reserved,

* "The Greek Tradition." By J. A. K. Thomson. With Preface by Prof. Gilbert Murray. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

severe, he disdains cheap appeals to the emotions. Yet, none the less, his heart is broken, and if you would understand him you must learn to feel all the passion and all the pity which underlie his words and, along with his intellectual strength, make him almost the greatest of historians.

Nor is Herodotus, that shrewdest of simpletons, about whom Mr. Thomson has much to tell, any less easy to understand, while with the poets the difficulty is even greater—especially with the tragedians. For Greek tragedy is everywhere bound by conventions which are unknown to-day. Not only did the Greeks dislike eccentricity, so that every branch of poetry had its traditional form, from which it was heresy to deviate, but with the drama this was particularly so. A Greek play—even a Greek comedy—was always something of a religious performance. It had its origin in religious ritual, and was always enacted at religious festivals. The chant and dance of a Greek chorus were in their beginnings part of a solemn ceremony and, even in their later developments, never ceased to be so. The actor's mask and buskins were visible signs that he was not of the common world and could not speak as if he belonged to the common folk. "Contrast the stately, almost ritualistic, curses of Œdipus with the cursing of Timon or Lear," or with that outburst of Othello which begins "Whip me, ye devils," and the difference between an ancient and a modern play at once starts into the light. And the difference is often not one of mere form but radical. Who, for instance, has got the real clue to what has been called "The Riddle of the *Bacchæ*"? Think of a play in which a monarch comes in drunk and "seeing double," a god is put in fetters, and a queen brandishes the head of her son whom she has herself slain. Or look at the "Alcestis," that strange medley of tragedy and farce, where death and rioting, gibes and lamentations, alternate so queerly. Assuredly to grasp its meaning is no light business, and there can be no truer scholarship than that of men like Mr. Thomson, who do endeavour to get a grip of it, who do not worry about grammar or text, but aim at making this old-world piece something which for us too is packed with emotion, reality, and truth. Whether his particular explanation is wrong or right, whether Alcestis is or is not the Corn-Maiden, the daughter of Mother Earth, whom Death carries off in winter but gives back in spring—this is not the question which concerns us here. For those weird cults, full of obscenities and seeming absurdities—the "gluttonous" Hercules of the "Alcestis" is exercising "a charm for the multiplying of food and wine"—which have to do with death and resurrection, with the burying of the grain and its coming to life again, are, as readers of "The Golden Bough" know, not matters to be treated in a trivial review; and possibly Mr. Thomson, like Professor Murray, makes too much of them. Indeed, when he urges that Homeric poetry has developed from some such ritual or magic *carmen* "by a process of secularisation" he positively astounds. But no mistake or aberration counts for anything when set against his earnest desire to understand, to feel, to share the very thoughts of the great writers. To him they are not dead but alive; they speak to him with a voice which may be hard to interpret but is, above all, a living voice, and it is only when they do so that their message can have any true value for our modern world.

It only remains to add that Mr. Thomson's book suffers, perhaps, from his essays being too varied in their nature. Such subjects as "An Old Map," "Thucydides," "Greek Simplicity," "Lucretius"—what has he to do with "Greek Tradition"?—and "Thoughts on Translation" may be bound up in one volume but can scarcely form a connected book. For all that they have each a separate charm. None of them disappoints; and that which deals with "Greek Country Life," though it presents a picture which is neither "idyllic" nor "Arcadian," yet presents one which is drawn with such truth and such fidelity that it may be read again and again with ever new enlightenment and delight.

T. E. PAGE.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.*

It is good, and time well spent, to read again Watts-Dunton's reminiscences of some of his famous friends which he contributed to *The Athenæum* either in the form of obituary memoirs or reviews of books dealing with these particular friends and their life's work; and for those who knew him personally, this book has a special, if sad, interest, for it brings back to memory many pleasant visits to "The Pines," Putney, when Watts-Dunton, in his latter years, was ever ready to talk—a *sympathetic* listener being, of course, essential—of his great contemporaries who had loved him and valued his friendship pre-eminently. He was indeed "the friend of friends," and few men have had such a unique and intimate acquaintanceship with the most potential literary and artistic forces of their era. Meredith, Swinburne, Tennyson, the Rossettis, Borrow, William Morris—to mention these names from a long list is to recall how supremely interesting was Watts-Dunton when discoursing of them. Much of what he was wont to say is fortunately preserved in these published recollections, but it is matter for regret that he never wrote similar papers in memory of Meredith and Swinburne.

I often expressed to him the hope that he would write the biography of Swinburne, he being the only man in a position to present both an authoritative and literary picture of the poet: but he stated his objections to the work very cogently, his views being much the same as those he enunciated on the subject of biography which will be found in the articles on Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the volume under review. However, he did at one time contemplate recording his personal reminiscences of Swinburne, but was dissuaded from executing the project by the advice of one whose opinion he valued very highly. I recall one little fact he told me concerning Swinburne and Meredith, which may be mentioned here. There was, in their last years, a coolness in the once warm friendship that had bound the two together for over forty years, and the cause was that Swinburne did not appreciate the later Meredith novels. He frankly said he could not get through—I think—"Lord Ormont and his Aminta." This Meredith resented, but it did not affect his underlying and long-seated regard for Swinburne; the poet's

* "Old Familiar Faces." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. With Portraits. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Photo by Poole, Putney. **Theodore Watts-Dunton.**
From a painting by Miss Norris.

death—his junior by nine years—came as a great shock, as is so finely evidenced in Meredith's letter—the last he ever wrote—to Watts-Dunton on April 13th, 1909: a month later he lay dead at Box Hill. Watts-Dunton was full of anecdote about Meredith, and would lay stress on his friend's astonishing, aristocratic beauty of face and head and hair. Meredith was his ideal of manly beauty, whilst he regarded Mrs. Morris as the perfection of female loveliness.

To pass to the contents of this book, the reminiscences of Borrow are the most valuable contribution, for as Watts-Dunton himself says he was probably the man who best understood him, owing to reasons of temperament and mutual experiences. Borrow, that wayward personality who combined with almost a giant's strength the heart of a child and the superfine qualities of a rare romancist with those of the most bombastic and ridiculous of poseurs, does not as a rule make a favourable impression in biography, for his gaucheries and rudenesses were appalling. But Watts-Dunton, having penetrated the hard and prickly shell of the outer man and found the fine soul within, was able to present the Romany Rye in his most favourable aspect, and though a little kind to his friend's faults, he does not seek to palliate them. His interest in Borrow was deep and abiding, and to the end of his life one of his alas! unfulfilled projects was to write a romance, on the lines of "Aylwin," in which Borrow was to appear in scenes laid at Dunwich. He was led to speak much of this to me owing to our mutual interest in Dunwich, which, indeed, was the link that first made me acquainted with him. Watts-Dunton had an extraordinary affection for that lonely spot on the shelving cliffs of Suffolk "where over the grave of a city the ghost of it stands," and not only because it inspired Swinburne's magnificent "By the North Sea." Before leaving Watts-Dunton's published records of Borrow, let us remember that herein are enshrined that wonderful description of a sunset seen from Waterloo Bridge, and that fine definition of a poet—"a man who, while acutely feeling the ineffable pathos of human life, can also feel how sweet a thing it is to live, having so great and rich a queen as Nature for his mother, and for companions any number of such amusing creatures as men and women."

The papers on Dante Gabriel Rossetti are the least satisfactory in the book, and consequently disappointing, for it was about Rossetti that Watts-Dunton would talk most freely and relate many anecdotes. He certainly, in later years, modified the views here expressed as to certain aspects of "popular" biography, and the tone of rather sharp sarcasm he uses towards the reading Public in the Rossetti and Tennyson articles now seems foreign to his kindly nature and genial outlook upon all mankind. And further, although he advocated in *The Athenæum* the wisdom of destroying the letters and private papers of a man of genius, to prevent them from feeding the insatiable gorge of this same reading Public, he did not practise the precept, for he treasured every fragment of Swinburne's holograph; and, I fancy, many letters from other friends and correspondents were preserved One must also take exception to the statement that Dickens wrote colourless, commonplace letters: surely his correspondence was often amusingly suggestive of his literary style, as witness his letter to Edmund Yates elaborating Mrs. Gamp's poignant description of how Mr. Harris's "'owls was organs."

Far finer is the admirable appreciation of Christina Rossetti, that most lyrical singer whose life of dreams—dreams of human love, religious ideals, and scenic beauty—was passed in sombre quarters of London instead of some convent in a picturesque setting amid the Apennines, which would suggest itself as her natural environment. Watts-Dunton's impressions are of infinite value in forming an estimate of Christina Rossetti's idealistic personality.

Watts-Dunton had a very high regard and appraisement for Tennyson's work—higher, it is to be feared, than a more modern school of criticism, which does not suffer gladly genre pieces of "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Enoch Arden" style, would tolerate, though probably "In Memoriam" and some of the beautiful lyrics will pass the test of the ages.

Excellent is the sketch of William Morris, whose varied and volcanic energies in the service of Art wore him out before his span had run its course. "I have enjoyed my life—few men more so—and death in any case is sure," he told his friend shortly before the end. Yet for one so keenly sensitive to earthly beauty and the glories and romance of this mundane world, Morris's death still brings a sense of peculiar regret, for he had more to lose than most men in their passing. But those who live to be old have to endure the grief of mourning the friends of their prime. That was Watts-Dunton's sad experience. He outlived all his great friends—great in all senses of the word. And how much friendship meant to him is seen in what he said of his meeting with Lord de Tabley: "In a word, I felt that I had discovered a richer gold-mine than the richest in the world, a new friend." His memories of the past, however, were never allowed to sadden unduly his last years. To the end he thoroughly enjoyed life, and was keenly interested in all the questions of the day and the work of the new generation of literary and artistic men. Watts-Dunton was a kindly critic and a kind friend.

S. M. ELLIS.

IS THERE A SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM? *

There is a curious fascination in problems and puzzles of all sorts. Perhaps you are old enough to remember how we all went happily mad some years ago over Diabolo and Pigs-in-Clover. In the one case you threw a ball and caught it in a cup—if you could; in the other you had several small balls in a box and had to twist the box about and, if you could, smartly jerk all the balls into a series of small holes. The Shakespeare problem has affinities with both these games, only it is more ingenious and more of an intellectual exercise. Some people throw up Bacon and try to catch him in the Shakespeare cup; Mr. Greenwood is more impartial—he throws up Bacon, an unidentified man who might—you never know—have used the name of Shakespeare as a pseudonym, and occasionally he even throws up Shakespeare himself, and tries to catch whichever one of them can fit into his cup, but always with an obvious and strong bias towards his favourite—the mysterious scholar who, unknown apparently to everybody, wrote great plays and attached to them the name of the ignorant play-actor, Will Shakespeare. Mr. Greenwood ruins his own case by insisting too much on Shakespeare's ignorance—he was so unlettered, according to Mr. Greenwood, that he could scarcely sign his own name. Well, Shakespeare the actor was very well known to contemporary actors and dramatists—how did he persuade them to believe that such a mere country clown could be the author of such dramas? They would have doubted him, and some talk of the mystery would have appeared (not in cryptograms or veiled allusions, but in plain language) in contemporary writings. But one remembers the testimony to Shakespeare's superiority in argument with the learned Ben Jonson and gives more weight to that than to Mr. Greenwood's purely arbitrary surmises. In the main, this book is a reply to two of Mr. Greenwood's doughty opponents, Andrew Lang and Mr. J. M. Robertson, and of course it leaves the whole problem exactly where it was before anyone began to write about it. There is no evidence—all Mr. Greenwood can offer are ingenious deductions, suspicions and perverse beliefs. It is interesting and clever, in its way, but nothing is proved, and yet this is the fourth book from this author on the same theme, and it runs to six hundred closely-printed pages. Surely it is time to give such a subject a long rest. It may displease some of us to feel that Shakespeare with only a tithe of the genteel and formal schooling we ourselves received was able to do work quite beyond our own capacities, but we really must let it go at that, in the absence of proof to the contrary, and bear up as well as we can.

* "Is there a Shakespeare Problem?" By G. G. Greenwood M.P. 16s. net. (Lane.)

THE CITIES OF EUTOPIA.*

It is as a worker rather than as a writer that Professor Patrick Geddes excels. And he is one who can inspire others to give of their best; for was it not through his vivifying personality that a dark corner of Edinburgh was re-created and infused with sweetness and light?

As a publicist it is a pity that his prose is not more lucid. Perhaps it is from too much delving in the rugged quarries of Carlyle, or in the ponderous tomes of German literature on Town Planning, that he has evolved a style which is inadequate to express the beauty of his ideals. But probably this is inevitable in formulating a new science. Was it not Meredith who likened Carlyle's style unto "wind in the orchard"? Well, in Mr. Geddes' orchard it is a gentler wind that blows; and one must admit the fruit is always worth picking up. He has a fatal facility for coining new words, but that is surely his right as the chief pioneer in a new science—the science of Town Planning which reaches beyond, and is more compelling than that Act for which the author gives Mr. Burns due honour.

Out of the mad welter of blackened mining villages, sprawling into bloated manufacturing towns by an endless maze of cinder-stricken ways, cities of sane and beautiful design must be wrought; and these regional metropolises, these conglomerations of towns, Mr. Geddes has christened with the name of "conurbations." "We evolve from the 'paleotechnic' to the 'neotechnic,'" if you please. He treats us to "megalopitan," and many a strange noun with the prefix eu—the favourite one of which is Eutopia, evolved from the older Utopia.

His passion is to draw everyone into *civic service* rather than into "civil service" (which is quite another thing), with the object of producing "better crops of human beings."

On reading the author's qualified praise of the splendour of the buildings in some of the newly planned German towns—Düsseldorf for instance—one cannot help being reminded of Mr. Hueffer's phrase in "When Blood is their Argument": "And modern Germany, up against which we happen for the moment to be, is to old Germany as a ha'penny periodical to a volume of Grimm's fairy tales. That is a precise and exact image." And it was of Düsseldorf that Mr. Hueffer was writing! Yet in this town of Heine's, evidently Mr. Geddes too felt the rebel spirit of its most distinguished citizen working within him, for does he not suggest that over the doors of that great vulgar temple-palace of the Discount Company, Limited, should be a mosaic in red and gold of Watt's "Mammon upon his Throne"?

We can learn something fine, even from an enemy with whom we are at war, especially from the town planning scheme of Frankfort, where "place, work, and folk—environment, function, and organism—are thus no longer viewed apart, but as the elements of a single process—that of healthy life for the community and the individual." (There, in this phrase you get the pith of the book.) "Learn from Germany? Certainly yes! Imitate Germany? Certainly no!" emphatically states our author, who shows us that Germany has nothing comparable to our garden cities.

Mr. Geddes has made of Town Planning a science, or art, greater than that of architecture, for that is only one of the many crafts and sciences which go to the making of a Town Planning, in which history, language, local individuality, and even music, all play their various yet co-ordinated parts! The painfully restricted boundaries resulting from war are evinced in the town planning of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as we see from an interesting map of Mons.

The great work of Mr. Geddes' life is surely yet to come. That will be when the tramp of war-worn feet is no longer heard amid the ruined cities of Europe, and the revivifying work of civic creation begins anew. No longer hampered by the barricades of either old parochial or military obstructions, now destroyed by shell fire, on these tragic sites Mr. Geddes should be set to work to plan the beautiful cities of Eutopia!

F. E. GREEN.

* "Cities in Evolution." By Patrick Geddes. With 59 Illustrations and Plans. 7s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

"J. B." *

The initials "J. B." mean only one thing for the reader of Dickens; they call up the stout, emphatic figure of Major Joseph Bagstock, who loved to use his initials in conversation as a sort of familiar shorthand. "J. B., sir, is tough." The "J. B." of this biography was not tough; he was not a military man; but a wide circle of readers knew him by this pen-name, from his articles in the *Christian World*. In the pages of this journal he found his pulpit, after he had been obliged to give up the Congregational ministry owing to ill-health. In his boyhood he seems to have been vigorous and healthy, fond of fighting and practical jokes. His father was an ardent Wesleyan, a local preacher, and a man evidently of strong opinions. Young Jonathan broke away from the rather repellent atmosphere of religion and theology in which he had been trained, and "shook the dust of Methodism off his feet with a deep breath of satisfaction and a sense of escaping into a larger, freer and more invigorating air." This meant a fight with the authorities of his own household, but the young man won, and, after studying under Dr. J. B. Paton in Nottingham and at New College, Hampstead, he was minister of Congregational churches in North Devon for five years, and at Leytonstone for four. It was during the latter period that his health began to break down under the nervous strain. He resumed work at Balham, but had to give it up in 1887, and at the age of forty-three found himself adrift. Luckily, he had always been fond of books, and as a contributor to the *Christian World*, especially in the weekly articles signed "J. B.," he discovered a means of ministering to others the buoyant, thoughtful faith which he had won for his own soul. He died quite suddenly in the beginning of 1914.

Mr. Brierley was no hypochondriac. The story of his life shows how he fought against physical disabilities with a plucky spirit. A consuming love for books helped him, but this, of itself, would not have kept the flame of his vitality alive. He possessed a genuine interest in human nature, which drew him out of himself, prevented him from brooding, and opened up life on many sides. Journalism suited him because it made a demand upon this twofold interest, the literary and the human. The religious journalist, who can write freshly and unconventionally upon Christianity with a personal note of experience, becomes in Protestantism what a confessor becomes in the Roman Church. This ministerial function suited Mr. Brierley, and he was one of the two or three leading English writers in this department. Many of those who read his articles in the *Christian World* or in book form, will be glad to know more about his inner life and struggles, as they are depicted in the pages of Mr. Jeffs' biography. It is an exhilarating story, and discloses a playful, thoughtful personality, a man who stood where faith and scepticism meet in modern life and sought to point wayfarers to the right path. Copious quotations from his letters and articles are given, with specimens of his sermons and lectures, and new pages from his note-books. (On page 147, I observe, Augustin is credited with the saying, "Virtutes ethnicorum splendida vitia." This is the ordinary opinion. But is it not the case that Descartes first said it?) He quoted freely, very freely in his articles. But the theme was always his own, and the quotations did not parade his width of reading. Mrs. Humphry Ward once wrote to him: "There is a delicate truth and fragrance, a note of real experience in the essays, that make them delightful reading. I trust that they may give to many people the same stimulating and yet restful pleasure that they gave to me." This impression has been

* "'J. B.'—J. Brierley: His Life and Work." By H. Jeffs. 3s. 6d. net. (Clarke.)

felt by a large number of his readers. The articles showed where Mr. Brierley had been in the world of books, but they also revealed where he had been in the world of experience, and it was the expression of this personal wayfaring which made them so attractive and influential.

JAMES MOFFATT.

IN MEMORIAM.*

This poem, "In Honour," is an elegy written by a father in memory of his soldier-son who was killed in action near Ypres on the 9th February last. The author is a well-known man of letters but prefers to remain anonymous; he dedicates his book to the Mothers of England, thinking it may afford them some comfort in the similar bereavements that, in these days, have befallen so many of them. The poem shows great metrical skill; its metres vary with the changing moods of the poet, and the lyrics with which it is interspersed flower out of it naturally, and continue its main current of thought and feeling, following every phase of the war, its ideals, its sorrows, its splendours, and its agonies; it is the heart-cry of one who gropes darkly through doubts and vain longings and regret, but its prevailing note is of faith in the final good; it takes you down into the valley of the shadow, yet brings you back, haltingly at times, but surely, to the heights and the hope of a new day.

How many stricken hearts have cried, when the blow has fallen:

> "We *cannot* lose him. Not for *us*
> That aching void, yon vacant chair . . . "

and how many, looking back then, have remembered the fear that chilled them at the moment of the last parting?

> "A pang of omen. Ne'er methought,
> Oh, nevermore should we two meet.
> Against this wraith of ill I wrought.
> The carriage glided up the street.
> *Good-bye, good-bye: to meet again.*
> He stood and looked. We went our ways.
> Quick townward hissed the ruthless train;
> I could not tear me from his gaze.
> I hoped, but still my bosom bore
> That icy touch of Nevermore."

Better than any technical finish is the poem's poignancy of feeling and utterance; its simple touching upon those homely, everyday joys and household events that make up so large a part of all lives, and mean so much in remembrance of those who are lost to us; the sad submission with which it takes comfort at last in the thought that:

> "God's arms are round the undying dead";

and the courage with which it puts grief aside, and bravely realises that:

> "Life's cause outweighs a million deaths.
> This day hath only room for deeds."

There is much of beauty, much of high and inspiring reflection in this elegy; in voicing the bitterness of his own sorrow the writer has voiced very movingly the sorrow of thousands who mourn to-day such a loss as he mourns; but he does not sorrow without hope, and his book should help to waken in those others the thoughts that renewed his own soul and cleared his own sight until he could have said:

> "Even through the hollow eyes of death
> I spy life peering."

* "In Honour: An Elegy." By a Father. (Constable.)

A MAN WHO "CAME THROUGH."*

It would not be easy to decide whether Mr. J. E. Patterson is more successful in gripping us with autobiographical reminiscences of sea life, or with novels presenting fictional characters. He has that art, which is itself nature, by which he can render fact with the vague glamour of romance, and fiction with such a sense of actuality that it is seen to be essentially real.

Coming fresh from the vivid personal experiences, the picturesque adventures and varied stories of real life afloat and ashore in that volume of "Epistles from Deep Seas" (Simpkin, Marshall), which worthily companions "Sea Pie" and "My Vagabondage," I find myself absorbed in a novel yet more engrossing than "His Father's Wife," and puzzling over the problem as to which of the two forms in which Mr. Patterson chiefly makes use of his exceptional literary gift is the more successful; that he is a master of an unconventional biographical manner is evidenced in the "Epistles" and companion volumes, and the ease with which he can write of his own experiences thus has doubtless guided him to the rendering of Hillary Marrtyn's story in the first person.

Hillary who thus tells his own story, is a muscial genius, son of a small landowner in Essex. The elder Marrtyn is convinced that Hillary is a genius, and centres all his interests in getting him a proper chance, even to the extent of so crippling his property as to defeat his own ends and lead to his own suicide. Thus the youthful musician is left with an only sister, and an inadequate income, and is compelled by circumstances to take a clerkship in a city office. For a while it seems that he lacks the strength of character to give his genius a chance; but a sudden resolve to make good in the art for which he is gifted is followed by the making of a sterling friend. It may be said, by the way, that Hillary Marrtyn is as happy in his friends as he is, generally speaking, unhappy in his relations, even though the nobility of the greatest of them leads to his unhappy marriage.

It is a rich characterful story that Mr. Patterson gives us, the hero of which reveals something of his own genius without ever proving a prig, and much of his own foolishness without any evidence of his being a fool; one too which deals with the artistic temperament without ever utilising that much over-worked phrase. Hillary's father, his sister, his aunts, his cousins, his friends, and certain other people with whom he is brought into contact, are wonderfully drawn—they are as it were real people, moving us as we meet them on the printed page much as they would move us if we met them in the flesh.

Despite his struggles—for, leaving to his sister the whole of their small patrimony and throwing up his uncongenial clerkship, Hillary Marrtyn has a hard struggle to live in the cheapest Pentonville lodgings—the young musician comes to realise that the life which he was compelled to lead was, in the long run, better for his art, than if his fond and feckless father had succeeded in sending him to study in Italy. Nor was his period of poverty the worst part of his life. There was the romantic rush into a marriage that should never have been, and there was that publishing agreement into which he was jockeyed by family pressure—an agreement such as might have crippled and destroyed one whose character had been less strongly developed by will and circumstance, did indeed nearly destroy Hillary but for the timely intervention of fate. It is a very powerful and convincing story of modern life that Mr. Patterson has given us here, and one that should give him an assured place among those novelists who take their art seriously, and practise it finely. Most readers will wish that they had seen more of the fascinating elusive Eloise.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Epistles from Deep Seas." By J. E. Patterson. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall).—"Hillary Marrtyn: Being the Records of a Personality and some Happenings." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Jarrold.)

THE RUSSIAN GARLAND.*

There is a family likeness between the old fairy tales of most countries; probably because the heart and imagination of childhood is much of a piece all the world over. Very often you find the same tales are common to two or three different countries, and their origins are so lost in antiquity that it is impossible to say with any certainty which was the land of their birth.

"The special interest of this volume of Russian Folk Tales," as Mr. Steele says in his foreword, "is that it is a translation from a collection of peasant Chap-books of all sorts, made in Moscow about 1830, long before the Censorship had, in great measure, stopped the growth of popular literature." They are just such tales of fantasy and wonder and magic as all children have always loved. They are almost crudely impossible in some of their imaginings, as the one of "The Seven Brothers Simeon," one of whom is able to build a towering pillar that another may climb and, standing on the top, see all about the world and tell the Czar what is happening in far countries; whilst the rest of the brothers take part in a wild adventure which has for its object the kidnapping of the beautiful Princess whom the Czar wishes to marry. But their very crudity and quaintness are part of their peculiar charm. They are the sort of stories children invent and tell each other; they belong to dreamland, and no dream is impossible until after you are awake and begin to criticise it. Children who will read them in the right simple spirit will be delighted with these stories, with their strangeness, their freshness, their bizarre and barbaric *naïveté*.

One must add a word of special praise for the illustrations. Mr. de Roseiszewski is a Russian Pole who has been living in England for some while past, and has made a considerable reputation here as a caricaturist under the name of "Tom Tit." Here he shows himself an equally gifted artist in another mood; his illustrations interpret the fancy and simple romanticism of the tales with a sensitive feeling for the beauty and fancifulness of them, and with a grace of line and delicacy of colour that are wholly admirable.

"The horse grew restive, reared higher than the waving forest."
From "The Russian Garland" (McBride, Nast.)

ETON, HARROW—AND MANCHESTER.†

Into all matters that concern the Church and the School, the Dean of Manchester has a most sympathetic insight; and with regard to Manchester he has expressed in a most telling fashion his feeling of the gradual alienation of the North of England from the South. In his treatment of India he is, perhaps, less satisfactory, and we are reminded at times of the Rev. Mr. Bennett of "Kim"; his description of India and Indian life is sombre in the extreme, though perhaps none the less true on that account. But later he seems to become more hopeful and to find more sympathy with his subject. His chapters on "Formative Influences and Education" may seem a trifle academic, but they are pregnant with common sense and good citizenship, and the chapters in which he contrasts Eton and Harrow will be widely appreciated. He helps out his most academic parts with many good stories, and we have seldom seen so accurate an interpretation of the spirit of the northern counties of England.

Dean Welldon has the greatest admiration for the public school master of the present day, and he is at no pains to conceal his respect for our educational habit of paying more regard to character than to intellect.

"When I was travelling in Japan, I was requested, through the kind offices of a Japanese friend, to call upon the Minister of Education in Tokio. He invited me to deliver a lecture upon English education before the students of the University. I told him I would gladly respond to his invitation, but I added: 'I think I ought, perhaps, to say that the English Universities and Public Schools have probably been more successful in the cultivation of the character than of the intellect among their students.' I remember how he looked me in the face, as he quietly replied, 'Perhaps, then, you will kindly lecture upon Character. I think we can take care of the intellect.'"

The influence of the school chapel is mentioned, and no one can read without sympathy his account of a boy's last service:

"How often have I seen boys, who were leaving the school, trying hard, but without success, to stay their tears at the singing of the final verse of that hymn, with which the last Sunday service of every school term was brought to its close."

On the question of Latin pronunciation he sums up the objections to the new pronunciations in an authoritative fashion.

"Nor is it possible to conceal my opinion that the difficulty of retaining Latin as a common educational subject will be greatly augmented if the pronunciation of Latin, instead of being, as it has been, accommodated to the English language,

* "The Russian Garland." Being Russian Folk Tales. Translated from a Collection of Chap-Books made in Moscow. Edited by Robert Steele, and Pictured by J. R. De Roseiszewski. 3s. 6d. net. (McBride, Nast.)

† "Recollections and Reflections." By the Right Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Dean of Manchester. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

is made pedantically conformable to the real or imagined practice of Roman antiquity. Probably, no one can pronounce Latin now as the Romans of Cicero's time pronounced it. Nor, indeed, does it greatly matter how Latin is pronounced. Latin is not now a medium of oral communication even amongst scholars. The important point is that Latin should be studied by as many boys and girls as possible; and the study of Latin will less and less commend itself to parents and possibly to schoolmasters themselves, if the Latin words are, by an unnatural usage etymologically severed in sound from all the corresponding English words, and are pronounced in a way which must render every Latin quotation or allusion a difficulty, if not a positive pain and offence, to English ears."

As Canon of Westminster, he gives us some interesting but rather gruesome details about people buried in the Abbey. Mr. Wright, late Clerk of the Works, told him that often in digging new graves, he came across the bones of great men already buried there. Thus Chaucer was "a short stout man," Spenser a "big man with a backbone like a bull's."

He seems to have understood the Northern character better than most South country men, and describes how the people of the Northern counties now look upon Manchester as their metropolis. He was attracted by their straightforwardness and outspoken ways, and quotes two examples of criticisms addressed to himself. "Sir, I say you're 'omely," and "Dean, I tell you what it is—you spout too much."

It is much to be regretted that Dean Welldon was obliged to cut down his interesting recollections, for it is not often that one of his experience deals with the common questions of education and the wider problems of the Empire.

ELTHAM HOUSE.*

In a very charming introductory note Mrs. Ward tells us of the origin of this book. "In the spring of 1914—the last spring of the old world" she was examining some books about Holland House and its circle, when it occurred to her to wonder what would have happened to Lord and Lady Holland if they had walked in with their story upon the London world of to-day. So there arose in her imagination the figure of Caroline Wing, a woman who should be portrayed as having committed the same sin against society as her prototype Lady Holland. Mrs. Ward has reset the old situation in modern circumstances. We have the married woman who runs away with another man to marry him upon the ensuing divorce. We have the politician of talent anxious to make a name for himself, but handicapped by his romantic adventure. It is an old plot, an old problem, but none the worse for that. In a miniature way it is the plot of more than one great tragedy, only for the boundlessness of fate the artificiality of "society" is exchanged.

The novel gains and suffers from its intimate association with an idea or thesis. It becomes firmer in form but also a little limited in development. After all, society as it exists to-day is far from being a final court, nor are its judgments and decrees so very real to its members. It is perhaps rather an artificial "fate" against which Mrs. Ward has cast in opposition her personæ.

But "Eltham House" is above all a gracious novel, full of a sense of ease and culture, of repose and elegance. Caroline Wing is a character upon whom much love and care have been expended, and throughout the whole book we are made conscious of a sense of wealth and beauty which is very alluring. As to whether Mrs. Ward gives us the correct answer to her self-suggested problem opinions will differ. But that after all is not the essential point of the tale.

A PAGEANT OF LITERATURE.†

Here is the newest volume in the series called "Short Histories," dealing with the Literatures of the World, under the general editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse; and supposing by possibility that each work in the sequence is comparable with that of Mr. Dimsdale, then the whole is a treasury of the blessed in literature. It would be good to make the long intellectual pilgrimage which begins in Ancient Greece, passes through France, Italy, Spain, Russia, onward to China and Japan, then crosses the ocean to survey something undemonstrable which is termed American literature, takes flight thence to Hungary, and now pauses for a period at the world-centre of Rome. There is not a dull page and there is not an ill-turned sentence in Mr. Dimsdale's study, which—short or otherwise—extends to 550 pages, and has all the charm of a romance. It shall be obvious that I speak of it in nowise as a classical scholar, in no sense as critic. I have read it as a pageant of literature, content to recognise that the author has that happy kind of learning which informs and does not overweigh. He has written a living story, and not a mere learned treatise. He may be less or more learned than I know, or certainly care. That is for the chorus of reviewers who are scholars in classical literature and perhaps skilful debaters in fields of criticism. To them and their judgment I leave the debatable points—some and possibly many. Meanwhile, I have had the joy of the book and have followed the Latin pageant from its beginnings in the "ceremonial utterance" of the *Carmen*, the *Vaticinia*, and the song of *Fratres Arvales* to "African Latinity and the end of National Literature" in the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius and the *Pervigilium Veneris*.

Classical Latin literature is a story of the quest and attainment of perfect form. It is of course more than this, but here is its note and here also its character. The tragic side of the story is that we—chiefly or only—are the witnesses of attainment. There was no release then as there is none now from the purgatory of the life of letters—no sense of wearing the crown. I wonder whether Horace was satisfied. At least Vergil left Rome on a journey to Greece and Asia, charging his friend Varino "to burn the Æneid if anything happened to him." There were yet three years to spend on it, after which he looked to escape from his purgatory by abandoning the life of letters and assuming that of philosophy. But Vergil died suddenly. Now, the word philosophy is a key-note. Philosophy was Greece and was Asia, but neither then nor ever was it Latium in any classical period. Something must open the gates of eternity, but they did not open in Rome. A philosophy of sorts was indeed taught Vergil in his youth, but it was that of the Epicurean Siro, while Lucretius was one of his models. The gates might open in Asia, but not there. So also, within his measures, Vergil was a man of religion. Mr. Dimsdale reminds us that the religious speculation "which pervades the poem" is profound but vague, and "actively apart from the Olympic machinery which ostensibly directs events." But, he says also, and truly, that "the importance and antiquity of the State religion" are insisted upon in the poem; that Roman liturgical language and Roman religious observances receive "an added sanction" therein, by connection with the founder of the race. No gate opens here, and the Latin classical cycle is imperishable as literature, but has no seal of the eternal.

It came about, however, that "Latin literature suffered an eclipse"—the Augustan age, the Flavian age, African Latinity, and then the end. Then all gates and doors opened after a period. There followed the barbarous ages, with the hand of God behind all the barbarism, guiding and shaping towards the great true ends of all. Then arose mediæval Europe and its universal medium of communication, the Latinity of the schools, which did not cease wholly at the end of the seventeenth century. Therein the Word of Christ passed over mediæval and abode in later Europe. The gates of eternity opened in the "City of God," and God spoke with man when the Angel of the Schools proclaimed that contemplation is perfect love. And Heaven sent down its angels, the hierarchy of Victorines, the Bernards, Peters, Abelards—all the cloud of witnesses. Because of their witnessing, I dare to say that the Latin

* "Eltham House." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Cassell.)

† "A History of Latin Literature." By Marcus Southwell Dimsdale. ("Short Histories of the Literatures of the World.") 6s. (Heinemann.)

of eternity is written in my own heart, that I have no use for another, that for me it shall be ever the *Pange lingua* and the *Lauda Sion*, while if I remember *Arma virumque cano*, it is in the sense of those weapons which are not of this world, and the "man" is Christ. It is admitted, however, that, were this a last testament, it would be one of final impenitence for all classical scholars. "And Catullus makes mouths at our speech."

A. E. WAITE.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The republication at a moderate price, half-a-guinea the two volumes, of Thayer's standard "Life and Times of Cavour,"[1] is a real benefit to the cause of recent history. The upheaval of Europe cannot fail to stimulate such studies as these. The lapse of time only reveals more and more clearly the disastrous results of the ignorance of modern history—the blind clinging by politicians to the old insular clap-trap of the Palmerstonian era—the fatal adoption by our most plausible journalists of an Utopian theory of universal brotherhood and peace which neither history nor human nature, not to speak of common sense, have never done anything to warrant. Cavour and Bismarck between them, with some help from Napoleon III., upset the old equilibrium of 1814–15, and we are laboriously engaged now in finding a new equipoise. Macbeth's Porter knocked at the door again and again; it was a terrific rattle in 1908; but those who ought to have been the watch-dogs were running about with opiates. A little knowledge of history is a dangerous thing.

The portrait of Cavour is reminiscent of Old Morality. To expect to see a Lord High Admiral and then to be introduced to Mr. W. H. Smith would not be more of a shock than to look for an ideal heroic liberator of modern Italy and then to be shown—Cavour. Yet he fills the central panel in the picture between Napoleon and Mazzini on the one hand, and Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel on the other. His decision that the "Sardines" should participate in the Crimean War was the turning point in the struggle for liberty. When that decision was made the cause seemed as good as lost. But by that coup the Italians recovered their *amour propre*. They acquired the nucleus of a tried military force, they acquired a hearing from the potentates of Europe, and a claim, in spite of the rage of Austria, to a voice in the settlement that ensued upon the peace. Cavour alone plucking the flower Safety from the nettle Danger is the hero to-day of the Crimean conflict. He could not have achieved this result but for his previous preparation. He got a Pisgah sight of united Italy. It was virtually one when he died but for Venetia and the Patrimonio. Had he lived and outlived 1870 like Bismarck! Would he have derogated from his ideals? "I am the son of Liberty. To her I owe all that I am." "Better the worst of Chambers than the best of ante-chambers."

William Roscoe Thayer has done his work notably well. By consent it is accurate, thorough, well balanced, essentially lucid. The author is of the Brahmin caste of American, with a strong sense of social duty, a Harvard man to the core, with a powerful determination, kept under a stern self-control for the most part, to moral sententiousness. Well written, solid yet inspiring, admirably produced for the money, with a model index, such a work is a credit to the book industry from every point of view.

Italy has certainly been well represented in the historical output of the last few months. Here is a cheap edition, which is a marvel at half-a-crown, of the "Invasioni Barbariche"[2] of Pasquale Villari. In thirty-eight chapters this well-packed volume takes the story of the West from the Italian point of view, roughly, from Theodosius to the coronation of Charlemagne. Alongside of Gibbon, Gregorovius, and Hodgkin, it must be regarded almost as a standard book. Villari, who has made the age of Macchiavelli so fascinating, has a more difficult task here. But he achieves the art of threading some of the most impenetrable mazes of history with a genuine talent for unencumbered narrative. There is a simplicity about his methods of solving character problems and cutting constitutional knots which disarms the critical reader, and ends by putting him on good terms with himself. He is decidedly optimistic in his estimate of Charlemagne's character and talents. It would be difficult to deduce from these pages the doubts that exist as to the language that Charles habitually conversed in or his ability to write more than his own name (and that in miniature).

Another interesting and desirable book on "Medieval Italy"[3] during a thousand years (305–1313) is the book with that title, by H. B. Cotterill, a worthy contribution to Harrap's "Great Nations" series. This extends, in near six hundred pages, from Theodosius to the growth of the Vernacular Literature, and contains some beautiful illustrations of early Italian medieval architecture and sculpture. This is a welcome change from narrative history. The book is divided into compartments, each prefaced by an historical outline. We have the period of Theodosius and Attila and their story. Then Theoderic, St. Benedict, Justinian, a very good account of Bœthius, so beloved by Alfred and our early English writers, and of Cassiodorus, beloved by George Gissing, who derived from this writer the atmosphere of his most cherished work "Veranilda." Then we have the age of Gregory the Great, illustrated by its architecture and mosaics, and the rise of Venice. Then the Normans in Italy, the rise of the Republics, and Romanesque architecture. The struggle between Innocent III. and Frederick II. ushers in the last book. As a whole it is well written, admirably illustrated, ends up most prosperously with a description of the nascent glories of the quattro-cento, and is altogether a most welcome introduction to the serious study of Italian History, Art and Archæology of the most interesting period. If there be any suggestion of book-making about such a volume we can only say that author and publisher are to be congratulated upon their success in co-operating to such excellent purpose.

It is rather interesting to have in English the material of the vast generalisations of Gobineau[4]; they furnished the stock-in-trade of Nietzsche and the champions of the superman. They express the belief arrived at already in 1853 by the author that Race and Aristocracy are the prime conditions of civilisation. Already he distrusted the influence of environment, and the efficacy of religion and morality. The great thing was to be an Indo-European or Aryan. The Aryan, or Nordic, stock was the sole guarantee of progress, and the good of mankind needed that it should rule and annihilate "slave-values." The great human types are fixed, hereditary and permanent. Climate and lapse of time cannot fundamentally alter these distinctions. Each race is shut up in its own individuality, and can issue from its idiosyncracy only, and that with difficulty, by a mixture of blood. Of the multitude of peoples which live, or have lived, on the earth, ten alone have risen to the position of complete societies: the Indo-Aryans, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Chinese, the Roman, the Germanic, the Alleghanic, the Mexican, and the Peruvian. The remainder gravitate round these more or less independently, like planets round their suns. If there is any element of life in these ten civilisations that is not due to the impulse of the white races, any seed of death that does not come from the inferior stocks that mingled with them, then the whole theory of this book is false. The central doctrine is that there is no true civilisation possible among European peoples where the Aryan type is not predominant. No

[1] "The Life and Times of Cavour." By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 Vols. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

[2] "The Barbarian Invasions of Italy." By Pasquale Villari. ("Popular" Edition.) 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

[3] "Medieval Italy." By H. B. Cotterill. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

[4] "The Inequality of Human Races." By Arthur de Gobineau. Translated by Adrian Collins. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

spontaneous civilisation can be found among black or yellow races. When the Aryan blood is exhausted stagnation supervenes. Historical generalisation of this frantic kind reminds us of Buckle and Disraeli. He resembles Buckle in his profound and persistent religious scepticism, Disraeli in his rejection of Darwinism. Gobineau appeals to one of the strongest prejudices of the modern-world—the prejudice of race. Such an appeal strikes us as an extremely dismal one, unconvincing, grossly exaggerated, opposed to the highest interests of humanity. It represents, no doubt, the German point of view as to the exploitation of the world by the ablest and fiercest, the iron organisation of a supreme pack of whippers-in, and the devil take the hindmost. It is the negation of Christianity. If the Germans succeed we shall have a much clearer exposition of the doctrine. It is implicit here, but not very clear.

Sir Lees Knowles ejaculates at the beginning of his Preface to the "Luytens Letters"[5]: "What! another book on Napoleon at St. Helena!" and at the end: "Let us hope that the 'Letters' will prove of deep interest to the readers of this volume," or words to that effect. We can only echo these pious sentiments. That people should be interested in every hour of Napoleon's existence in exile, how he walked, shot bottles, talked to Mme. Bertrand, or suffered from stomach-ache is remarkable enough. Napoleon cared little for such sympathy, except as matter of politique, but he has a surfeit of it. It seems a pity that people should be led by misplaced pity for this champion war lord, protector of Islam and neo-Charlemagne to extenuate his crimes. But the vogue provides the world with handsome books, wonderful views of the most lonely of islands, and the most marvellous assortment of miniatures and bric-a-brac.

The war is directly responsible for the most part for the rapid conclusion of Professor Sanford Terry's volume on "Modern Europe, from 1806 to the Coming of the Great War,"[6] an ingenious and comprehensive compilation, too brief in outline to be quite veracious in perspective, but a desirable and trustworthy work of suggestion and reference. The two Oxford books on "The Balkans," and "The Evolution of Prussia"[7] are opportune selections of Extension Lectures, timely, well documented, thorough, and most fit to be read and digested by all who aspire to criticise the diplomacy of the near future, and to express an opinion as to how the stable equilibrium of Europe is to be assured for the next generation.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

THE S.S. GLORY. By Frederick Niven. Illustrated by Fred Holmes. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The more or less fortuitous concourse of human atoms that make up the "Push" from which are selected the men who are to attend to the beasts on a cattle boat crossing the Atlantic, is the interesting subject of which Mr. Frederick Niven has made capital use in his latest book. He takes his group of men as they gather on the wharf at Montreal, he leaves them at the moment of their dispersal after arriving at Liverpool, and he gives but the vaguest hints of the before and after of any of their number. The result is perhaps something like a keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope of those who expect a "story." It is rather a descriptive narrative of a cattle boat crossing from the point of view of men who for one reason or another have undertaken to look after the cattle for their passage and a sum as near as they can get to a pound. They are a queer, rough lot who form the s.s. *Glory's* crowd, and their fightings, their quarrellings, their aggressive reticence, afford the author many opportunities of giving evidence of his skill in realistic description. It is an interesting, impressive book—and one which will make sensitive readers fervently hope that whatever fate may have in store for them they may never be reduced to joining the ranks of the cattlemen.

[5] "Letters of Captain Engelbert Luytens, Orderly Officer at Longwood." Edited by Sir Lees Knowles. 10s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
[6] "A Short History of Europe, 1806–1914." By Charles Sanford Terry. 6s. net. (Routledge.) [7] "The Evolution of Prussia." By J. A. R. Marriott—"The Balkans: A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey." 5s. net each. (Clarendon Press.)

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS. By Violet Hunt and Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

"Zeppelin Nights"—this must surely be the most inspired title of the year, and the most coveted. Authors who publish collections of short stories know the difficulty of finding a title at once comprehensive and attractive. Yet here, marvellous reflection, is a title applicable to any and every assortment of tales, provided they be sufficiently arresting to catch and hold the attention of those cautious people who must needs sit up o' nights until all fear of the menace from the air has passed. The stories in the present volume are told, or rather read, by a Mr. Serapion Hunter, to provide a series of Zeppelin nights' entertainments for a select party of friends, who are thereby enabled to escape for a while from the obsession of those "silken reservoirs filled with hate." The reader perhaps never quite gets into that select circle of Serapion's friends—it is not easy to get attuned to their highstrung nerves or their highbrow comments—but he never fails to appreciate the sumptuous fare that Serapion provides for his audience—a fare consisting of a choice collection of historical cutlets, served up in a most novel, appetising and tasteful manner, and presenting a blend of flavours new and old that does credit to a skilful pair of chefs. Serapion's stories range from the market-place of Athens in B.C. 490 to the gallery of Drury Lane theatre on the eve of the Boer War, and the latest coronation in the Abbey. Joan of Arc at the stake, Caxton at work on "The Golden Legend," Sir Robert Brock advocating his process for the fabrication of leaden pipes—these are sample cutlets from a very generous bill of fare. They are all vivid little historical pictures seen from a novel standpoint, and the various periods are illuminated as if by lightning flashes, so well have the authors accomplished their difficult task.

THE EXTRA DAY. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Blackwood succeeds better when he conceives of "grown-ups" as essential children in a wonder-stricken world of which but part can be known to the senses, than when he treats of children with "grown-up" intelligence. Not that they have not that kind of intelligence and curiosity; but it is hardly able to sustain the disquisitions with which "The Extra Day" is full. It is the fault of Mr. Blackwood's distinctive work that the legends of each of his books are not always easily moulded into their fables; but the fineness of the legend has generally atoned for the lack of cohesion between it and the fable into which it was cast. In the present book the discrepancy is bridged over by some rather laboured conversations between the children Judy, Tim and Maria and Uncle Felix. That is a misfortune. For the Wonder in children's minds is a simple, direct and accepting thing; and even when it labels the world with questions it is still a direct acceptance rather than a research. It is, unfortunately, "grown-ups" who too often need research. That is only to say that Mr. Blackwood has written a book rather for "grown-ups" than for children. We believe children would see through him as quickly as his children saw through "Come-Back Stumper." And this particular "grown-up," who has always read Mr. Blackwood with inspiration and joy, is therefore left with the wish that he had found some fable for his Legend of Wonder more particularly adapted to an older mind. Nevertheless, whatever Mr. Blackwood writes is well worth reading. His tale-telling is an exhibition of the inner beauty of the world; and this book is no exception.

DEAR ENEMY. By Jean Webster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a great deal of wisdom, sympathy, and common sense under the frivolous, irresponsible surface of this story, which is told by means of Sallie McBride's letters to her friends. Sallie is a vivacious writer, and the story rattles along in a gay, entertaining manner. Sallie, who is a society girl, is invited by an old friend to do a surprising thing, namely, to take up the position of superintendent of the John Grier Orphan Home, U.S.A. At first she refuses the thing as a huge joke, then she changes her mind. "I plunged into this thing lightly enough," she writes, "partly because you were too persuasive, and mostly, I honestly think, because that scurrilous Gordon Hallock laughed so uproariously at the idea of my being able to manage an asylum. . . . But now I'm aghast at finding myself here . . . and when I saw those rows and rows of pale, listless, blue-uniformed children, the whole dismal business suddenly struck me with such a shock that I almost collapsed." But Sallie McBride's sympathy and organising ability are awakened, and she puts her back into her work, with successful results. Many of her revolutions are decidedly novel and startling—too much so for the trustees, at first. This book ought to be in the hands of all trustees and superintendents of Orphan Asylums; it would be highly interesting to have a symposium of their views on it.

GOOD OLD ANNA. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A dramatic and romantic story of the early days of the Great War. "What are you going to do about your good old Anna?" is the question put by a friend to two English ladies a few days after war between England and Germany had been declared. Anna is an old, highly-valued German servant in their household, and it seems absurd to them to do anything in connection with getting rid of Anna as she has been so long in their service and they have a great affection for her. How Anna gets mixed up in a mystery, and how condemning evidence is found in a cupboard in her room, makes thrilling and interesting reading. There are two charming love stories running through the book, which contains many skilful and realistic character studies

CLEOPATRA, A GIPSY. By Arthur F. Wallis. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

"Cleopatra, A Gipsy" is a fine romance of the days of King James I. The story is arresting, and skilfully presented, and there are many passages in the book that one reads and re-reads for sheer delight in their beauty and rhythm. The book opens with "The Editor" of the story finding some old letters between the pages of a volume in a second-hand book shop: these letters lead to the purchase of an old parchment-bound manuscript book, in which is recorded the subsequent story concerning Cleopatra, a gipsy. The parchment-bound book contains the autobiography of one Michael Abington, and is written in the quaint, picturesque style of his day; it is full of delicious humour, crisp word pictures, realistic characters and stirring events. Mr. Wallis is to be warmly congratulated on conceiving and executing so attractive a story. It deserves a big success.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ROAD OF LIFE. By Ianthe Jerrold. 1s. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Mr. Erskine Macdonald's "Little Books of Georgian Verse," under the able editorship of Miss Gertrude Ford, are maintaining their excellent standard, and the poems in Miss Ianthe Jerrold's volume, "The Road of Life," number some of the best that have been included in the series. Although only a school-girl of seventeen, she shows a real feeling for poetry, a sense of form and the magic of words,

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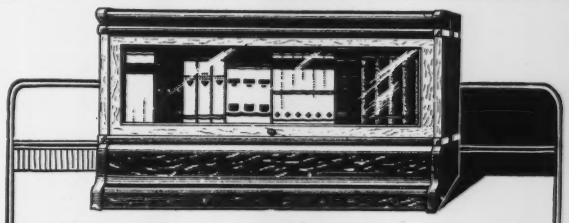

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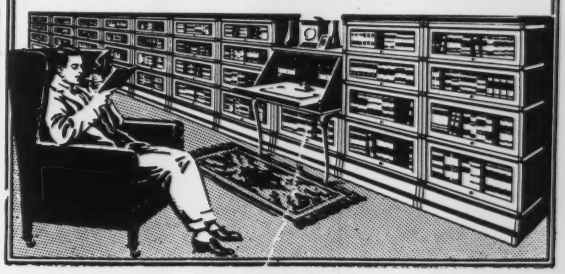

and "a tender thoughtfulness rare in one of her years." The following poem gives some idea of the authentic quality of her work:

"EVENING PRIMROSES."

"The sweet, dim flowers of twilight, they dream beneath the sky;
A pale, wet sky there is to-night—a gentle rain is falling,
Like the kisses of a child, half-hesitant and shy;
Hushed is the garden, and not a bird is calling.

Hushed are the poppies and all the morning's roses,
Hushed the flame-bright marigolds that blazed beneath the noon—
These are children of the sun, whom the twilight closes,
But the evening primroses are daughters of the moon.

Like a crowd of fairy stars fallen on the green,
Fallen from a fairy sky, elfin-pale, and gleaming,
Fragrance-haunted, magical, the brave green spears between,
The dim, sweet flowers of twilight beneath the rain are dreaming."

There is music, as well as thoughtfulness, something of high imagination as well as a dainty fancifulness in her verses. Remembering the age of the writer they are more than promising—they indicate a natural and very remarkable gift, and justify one in looking expectantly for the fruit that shall succeed this charming blossoming.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. By Ian Hay ("The Junior Sub.") 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is the book we have all been waiting for. Kitchener's army is articulate here, at last. Shoals of chatty and informative books have flooded the country, but we have read no book quite like this, none so faithful, so splendidly illuminating, so humorous withal, none so full of human revelation, so impregnated with the essential stuff and spirit of the new armies. It is far more than a series of entertaining military sketches, this unofficial chronicle of a unit of "K(1)"; it is a masterly record of the birth-pangs, the growing pains, the consummation of a regiment. We see a Scottish regiment in the making, at home and at the front; and "the making" means more than drilling, shooting, marching, digging. These arduous parts of an infantryman's training "The Junior Sub." describes with that characteristic humour of his which springs from genuine sympathy and understanding. But he is concerned also with the *morale* of the regiment; he traces the beginning of *esprit de corps*, the steady growth of the soul of the regiment, until, at the front of the front, on the battle-field of Loos, it bursts forth into proud sacrificial flame. No words here can convey a just idea of the fine spirit of these chapters. You meet everybody that matters, from Private M'Slattery to the Prince of Wales, from the strawberry-jam pinchers of the A.S.C. to the Practical Joke Department of the War Office. And, lastly, you see the Battle of the Slag-Heaps fought before your eyes, or rather you take part in it, and the memory is ineffaceable. "In and around those trenches will be found the earthly remains of men—the Jocks and Jimmies, and Sandies and Andies—clad in the uniform of almost every Scottish regiment. That assemblage of mute, glorious witnesses marks the point reached, during the first few hours of the first day's fighting, by the Scottish Division of 'K(1)' *Molliter ossa cubent.*" The Germans are apparently at a loss to understand why we do not sue for peace. The answer, formidable enough, is to be found in "The First Hundred Thousand."

THE LIFE OF LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL. By Beckles Wilson. 25s. (Cassell.)

In the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal we have a typical example of a British empire-builder in the modern phase of Imperialism. The age of gallant Drakes or Frobishers, and the swaggering Elizabethan figures who present perhaps more romantic personalities than do the plain captains of industry of our own age, is now long over. Yet it is men like the late Lord Strathcona who carry on the work and tradition of our forbears, turning, as this hard Scotchman did, barren continents into great reservoirs of life and power. Lord Strathcona or Donald Smith, as he was then, was born in the Scotch Highlands at Forres in Morayshire. As a youth he came to London where an uncle of his, an old trader in the Canadian North-West, gave him some letters of introduction to the chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to other important men in Canada. It was to a rough and wretched enough land that young Smith set out in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Canada then was of course not a Dominion, but consisted of a number of trading states or colonies attached to England with no very secure lien. The fur trade was the principal if not the only thing for which the country existed, and it was as a very junior official in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company that the future High Commissioner began his trans-Atlantic career. It was a hard and desperate life to which he had given himself. Beyond the smell of the "peltries" and the sight of the snow there was little else in it for the young man. The Governor, Sir George Simpson, proved a hard master. He was an autocrat—a regular trading king, and for a slight technical failure in duty he sent young Smith to the Labrador field of the Company's operations. Smith did not mind. He had determined to succeed in the Company's service, and succeed he did. It was not very many years before he was Chief Factor for the Company, and had saved a nice little sum of money. Mr. Beckles Wilson takes us at length through the various events in the great Imperialist's career—the part he played in the Red River Rebellion, his share in the political development of Canada, his raising of Strathcona's Horse for service in South Africa in 1898–1900, his peerage, his High Commissionership, his meeting with Herr Ballin of the Hamburg-Amerika line to discuss the emigration question. Lord Strathcona's efforts to provide Canada with the right type of emigrant were unceasing, and are bearing fruit now in the splendid military response of the Dominion. It was in a great measure due to Lord Strathcona's initiative that the healthy peasant type of emigrant was induced to enter Canada in place of the stunted pale-faced townsman who proved quite unequal to the rigours of a pioneer's life. Mr. Wilson's book in addition to giving us the life of a man of great character and determination, is a record of more than half a century of Imperial growth.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW & CO.

Sergeant Frank S. Brown, of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, is another of our soldier-poets who has been killed in action, and **Contingent Ditties, and Other Soldier Songs of the Great War** (1s. net) is his first and last book. The poems, which are full of life and vigour, are spiritedly patriotic. They have been collected since the writer's death, and are edited by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who tells in a sympathetic preface of his personal acquaintance with Sergeant Brown, gives a brief biographical sketch, and prints some recollections of the man by those who have known him. His poems are "good honest stuff," as Mr. Jackson remarks. "They have the spontaneity of folk-song, and should make a similar appeal to that made by the simple ballads, marching songs and chanties of men who have lived strenuously in the open air and mixed freely and lovingly with their kind."

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH.

It is curious to note the development of Miss Maude Annesley's new novel, **A Blind Understanding** (6s.) It begins in one key and ends in quite another. Wilfrid Sellingen, when we are first introduced to him, is a cynical, flippant young man-about-town, who takes it into his head to write down in a diary an "honest" account of his daily doings. The end of the story finds Sellingen a rather melodramatic person suffering all the tortures of a great passion, and behaving with corresponding emphasis. The authoress has allowed herself to be carried away by her characters. There is really no relation between the Sellingen of the early part of the story, and the Sellingen of the close. The tale is bright and amusing enough. The diarist saves a man from committing suicide on the Thames Embankment, takes him home, washes and feeds him, and returns him to society. Several entertaining chapters follow, wherein we see Sellingen dodging his creditors, and engaged in the laughable sport of keeping up appearances in the accustomed manner. "A Blind Understanding" is most readable, and on a superior level to the average novel of amusement.